REPORT FROM BRITISH GUIANA

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVI. No. 1179 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Storm Signals at Indian Village

WHEN the shooting war stopped in Korea, it seemed that both sides wanted to settle the prisoner controversy and move on to a political conference. The optimism that followed the truce was tempered only by fears that the conference might fail. There is no reason for optimism now. It is less than three weeks to the end of the period in which, according to the armistice, the conference must start; and no time or place has yet been fixed. The sixteen U.N. combatants have reached no agreement on policy, either for the conference, or for the dangerous situation that will arise if the conference never meets. And reports from Indian Village—the neutral zone where twenty-three thousand prisoners are now held—suggest that the "repatriation" arrangements may break down in disaster.

The Indians, who hold the balance between the two "neutrals" from the Communist side, and the two nominated by the U.N., have been trying earnestly to carry out their mandate to supervise the "explanations" which each side is entitled to make to its nationals who refuse to return. Yet, two weeks after the day on which these "explanations" were supposed to start, nothing has been done. Both sides lodged objections to the rules laid down by the Neutral Commission. When, by the casting vote of the Indian chairman, the final plan favoured the Communist proposals more than those of the U.N., General Hamblen denounced the scheme as "a victory for the Reds"; one of his subordinates declared that the Indians were "naive dupes" and "pro-Communist"; and General Clark brusquely refused an Indian request to extend the "explanation" period beyond December 24, the ninetieth day.

The American view was that the Communist prisoners have already refused repatriation, and none of them should be forced to listen to "explanations" from the Chinese and North Koreans. Those who nevertheless wanted to hear the case for repatriation should do so in groups not smaller than twenty-five, and in the presence of U.N. observers who would have the right to intervene, to prevent "coercion" and rebut "falsehoods." The Communists said that each man should be interviewed separately, and that they should see every prisoner. There is, they claim, so much coercion of the prisoners by Rhee and Kuomintang agents, that unless "explanations" are compulsory, many prisoners may be afraid to present themselves; "individual" appearances, in their view, are the only way to ensure free choice.

One reason why the Indians have accepted much of this Communist case is that there is strong evidence that Rhee and Kuomintang agents do control the prisoners and that, as General Thimayya complained, some U.N. "elements" have "planted misapprehensions" among the prisoners. The correspondent of the *New York Times* has three times corroborated this view. On September 18, reporting the first riots at Indian Village, he wrote of the "well-disciplined prisoners" who were "acting under instructions from compound leaders." Ten days later he declared that:

> . . . it was known that under the tight discipline within the prisoner ranks, some who in fact wanted to go home had been afraid to express that desire for fear of beatings or worse from fellow prisoners.

And, on October 4, he reported that "Hongchos [camp bosses] have set up their own secret internal administration in the compounds."

This organisation is being used for two purposes. The first is to create the maximum trouble for the Indians, and thus provide excuses for the South Korean threat to use "armed force" to drive the Indians out of Korea. The second is to plan, as the ultimate means of disrupting the repatriation agreement, a mass break-out of prisoners. At the beginning of the week, the South Koreans were talking openly about this plan, and the Indians had made it clear that they would cope with minor disorders, but would let the prisoners go rather than massacre them, if they all broke out.

Syngman Rhee has made it plain that he will go to any lengths to force an Indian withdrawal, prevent the Korean Conference from even meeting, and aggravate the

Communists into a renewal of the fighting. It seems from the events of the last two weeks, however, that he has at least the tacit sympathy of the American command. Even if the "explanations" were conducted quietly and fairly, there would be enough trouble about the thousands of prisoners who would refuse to return under any circumstances. If they end in fiasco, partly through the intrigues of Syngman Rhee and partly through the truculence of the Americans, there will be little hope of an agreed settlement in Korea and a great danger of renewed fighting.

British Guiana

As we go to press, the news from British Guiana is still too scanty for the immediate situation to be judged with certainty. On another page, we print an on-the-spot report from a Special Correspondent, which gives much of the background story. Last Tuesday's Colonial Office hand-out, alleging the existence of a "Red plot" as the justification for Mr. Lyttelton's gunboat action, is based on little more than the assertion, no doubt true, that a number of the elected Ministers in Georgetown are fellow-travellers with Moscow. As it stands, the Colonial Office statement is too pitiably thin for credence. Our Correspondent shows clearly enough that the elected Guianese Ministers have behaved, to say the least, unconventionally; have, no doubt, caused a great deal of worry to the admirable Colonial servant who acts as Governor; have (and this may be in Mr. Lyttelton's eyes the worst of their offences) actually sided on a strike issue with the workers and against the sugar barons. We do not consider that conduct of this kind, in itself, amounts to a Red plot. Inevitable difficulties and tensions arise when an imperial Power seeks to steer the passionate nationalism of Colonial people into an orderly progress from subject status to democracy; but that these difficulties can, with imagination and good will, be overcome, was proved by the Labour Government and its Governors in, for instance, Burma and the Gold Coast. If the Colonial Office really have evidence which proves the existence of the sort of illegal violent conspiracy which alone could justify military action, they must now publish it. Otherwise, we are driven to the conclusion, as, we believe, will be most of the Queen's dark-skinned subjects, that the Government's idea of Colonial democracy stops short of the point where Colonial people are allowed to choose their own Governments.

Double Talk About Locarno

Mr. Dulles's remarks about Locarno guarantees of Russian security are a perfect example of diplomatic double-talk. His object apparently is to create the impression that the United States is now in a mood of moderation and prepared to discuss the central proposal of Sir Winston's peace initiative. Then, when the Russians have turned down the renewed invitation to Lugano—as they very probably will—the French can be told that, since the West has made a genuine effort to reach a Four-Power agreement and been rebuffed, the last argument against ratifying E.D.C. and going ahead with German rearmament has been removed.

We should be more convinced of Mr. Dulles's "moderation" if there were any resemblance whatsoever between the kind of guarantee he proposes and the Locarno idea as outlined in the famous speech of May 11. In fact, there is none at all. A modern Locarno could only mean the guaranteeing of the Eastern frontier of a unified Germany against aggression either from the East or from the West. Under such a pact, if Germany sought to change that frontier by force of arms, Britain and America would go to the assistance of the Soviet Union, and vice versa. This is a proposal which the Kremlin would be bound to consider seriously if it has any intention of ending the partition of Germany. But Mr. Dulles has not made it. What he has suggested is that Britain and America should guarantee Russia against attack, provided that the Kremlin accepts the integration of the Federal Republic into the Atlantic Defence system and consents to free elections in all the satellite countries. This is tantamount to saying that we promise not to make war on Russia, if Russia will concede us all the fruits of war. It is to be hoped that either Mr. Eden or Sir Winston will seize the opportunity of the Conservative Party Conference at Margate to point out that the Dulles proposals have nothing to do with the original British peace initiative, and will go on to restate that initiative in much more detail.

Nairobi Purge

A few months ago nobody thought a Kenya settlement possible without the free co-operation of non-violent African leaders; it was also insisted that supporters of Mau Mau would not shift their allegiance unless they were granted a more hopeful economic and political future. Recently, official news from the Colonial Office and Nairobi has been about the number of Kikuyu shot (as if they were so many brace of grouse), combined with suggestions, too vague to convince the simplest African, that somehow there will be a Black and White "partnership" in Kenya when the resistance is ended.

The latest security measure only shows how serious the situation in Kenya is. In throwing ten to fifteen thousand Kikuyu out of Nairobi, the Nairobi authorities have already claimed to have arrested one of the terrorist leaders. But to turn thousands of temporarily urbanised Kikuyu back into their Reserves is obviously a way of increasing the number of terrorists. Most of these Kikuyu came to Nairobi because they could not support themselves in their hungry and overcrowded Reserves. It is a fair guess that many of these will now themselves become Mau Mau terrorists. The situation is made worse and not better by such measures. If the authorities could declare, not that they had found another terrorist to execute, but that they had released some Africans to act as trusted spokesmen for the nationalism of their people, we could begin to feel hopeful.

Malan's Position Reinforced

Signs multiply in Cape Town that the main Opposition party to the Nationalists is now prepared for a more or less convenient compromise. Although the Government has failed to reanimate its earlier (and disqualified) Act to remove the Coloured voters of the Cape from the common electors' roll, there are signs that enough United Party Members may be prepared to support the Government on this issue to enable the Government, in due course, to achieve the same end by different means. Important mining interests behind the U.P. are said to be pressing for a compromise of this kind; and, within the Nationalist Party itself, the "moderates" have evidently won a victory over the "extremists," and are ready to offer the English-speaking community a reassurance, vitally important to the U.P., that English-Afrikaans parity of status will not be touched.

This dismal surrender of the last vestiges of resistance by the U.P. to Malan's racialism goes together with two Bills which are wickedly repressive of important civil liberties, and will shortly become law. One of them is aimed at abolishing all independent schools: the principal object being not to promote the "Christian National" dogmas of the Nationalists—although that is a subsidiary object—but to prevent non-Whites from supplementing their meagre educational resources. Perhaps worse than this is the new Bill to "regulate trade unions"—once again to prevent non-White organisation. Arguing his Bill in committee stage, the Minister of Labour, Mr. Schoeman, said of his State-sponsored, "corporative" substitute for genuine trade union machinery: "This whole machinery is designed to be the mouthpiece of the Native employees. I am giving this in place of their trade unions." He went on: "I am not prepared to recognise Native trade unions . . . I won't consult Native trade unions . . . because I want Native trade unions to disappear I have made that perfectly clear."

Pakistan's Constitution

Mr. Mohammed Ali, Pakistan's Prime Minister for the past five months, seems likely to succeed, where his predecessors failed, in making a Constitution. Speaking both as Prime Minister and as the newly elected Chairman of the Muslim League parliamentary party—the ruling party—he has already announced that all the units of Pakistan have agreed on the basis of representation in the proposed federal legislature. In the Lower House, representation will be on the basis of population. For the Upper House the country will be divided into five units, with parity between East and West Pakistan. This settles the first of the two main controversies which delayed earlier efforts to make a Constitution. On the second issue—the role of Islam—this Government has reversed the earlier tendencies towards theocracy, and imposed on the Civil Service a rule prohibiting them from taking part in sectarian controversies or attempting to influence the religious beliefs of their associates. The Constitution will make Pakistan a secular State. It seems probable that she will be a Republic, and it is expected that she will remain within the Commonwealth. Opposition to Mr. Mohammed Ali's proposals will come from the extreme religious groups and from the Jinnah Awami Muslim League, which recently won a sweeping victory over the Muslim League's candidate in the North-West Frontier Province. Its leader, Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy, maintains that the present Constituent Assembly does not

represent the people and that a Constitution should only be made after a General Election or by a national convention of all parties.

Krupps and the Colombo Plan

The House of Krupp, barred (for the moment) from munitions manufacture, has turned to producing equipment for the under-developed territories and is making a dead-set on South-East Asia. So are the Japanese, who have set up a "Council for the Development of South-East Asia," to promote trade and provide capital equipment. The German industrial combine, having outbid British competitors, is constructing for the Indian Government a £60,000,000 steel-works, to be completed in four years. It is also constructing a huge Indian cement plant. In Pakistan, it is helping to create a steel industry and is to build a pilot steel-plant, which, after development, will cost over £25,000,000. Krupps will take shares in part-payment. Great Britain, Canada and Australia, as the producer-partners in the Colombo Plan may look askance at the intervention of the Germans and Japanese, but the Plan gives no monopoly of supplies. (The Foreign Office has said that Britain would not oppose Japan's participation in the Plan.) It was supposed to be a plan to conserve sterling balances, because the assumption was that the participating countries would find their equipment within the sterling area. But the nations involved are sovereign and can go elsewhere. And, as the Krupps' contracts show, they will. They can scarcely help themselves. There is too much at stake. The Colombo Plan embodied the minimum requirements to meet the urgent needs of their people and was supposed to be implemented by 1957. Enormous enterprises are involved, and the equipment has to come from somewhere. Germany and Japan, "condemned" not to re-arm, can make available capital goods which our defence-loaded industries find it hard to provide.

Woomera and the McMahon Act

Britain's atom-bomb demonstration at Woomera will have, as Churchill intended it should have, political reverberations as well as physical. He wants it to blast the lock off the security door which the Americans have slammed against British participation. For he, more than any man, knows that the U.S. attempt to maintain the monopoly of atomic secrets has little to do with the McMahon Act, or with Nunn May, or Fuchs, or Pontecorvo. It dates back to 1942, when he agreed with Roosevelt that the well-advanced British experiments and developments (then under the *nom de guerre* of "Tube Alloys"), which had already cost £60,000,000, should be transferred to the United States. Under that agreement the key British scientists, under Sir James Chadwick, were sent to America and were immediately swallowed up in the Manhattan Project, under U.S. military control, and forbidden to report to their own Government. There followed bitter recriminations which Churchill directed to the President through Harry Hopkins, complaining that the gentleman's agreement had not been honoured and that the Americans were claiming a monopoly not only of the wartime development but of the post-war industrial development as well. The only satisfaction which he got was the President's reply that this was now entirely a matter for U.S. military security. This forced upon Churchill the "sombre decision" (to quote a cable of March, 1943) that Britain and the Commonwealth would have to go it alone. That meant, in the first instance, the creation of the Chalk River Project, in Ontario. It meant that while America was producing fissile material by the kilo, Britain had to wait for the construction of its own atomic piles at Harwell and Sellafield and its separation plants at Springfield and Capenhurst for its first supplies of plutonium and U235. Even on safety precautions, we had to start from scratch and repeat U.S. experience at enormous expense.

Following the Truman-Attlee-MacKenzie King discussions in Washington, Britain decided on a military as well as an industrial programme. Now, with Russia in possession not only of the fission bomb but, on U.S. admission, of the hydrogen bomb, the Americans are repenting their exclusiveness, and beginning to wonder (with some justification) whether Britain and Canada have not perhaps stolen a march in some respects. The President and the Chiefs of Staff are known to be more than anxious to amend the McMahon Act and bring about a fuller exchange. Churchill would like to—but on his own terms. These will include his insistence, which the Americans will not particularly like, that "sharing" will include the participation of the atomically active Dominions; that is Australia as well as Canada.

Chief Justice Warren

In the last few years, under the pressures of the Cold War, the Supreme Court has been erratic in its judgments, increasingly timid, quarrelsomely divided and often undignified. None of President Truman's appointments was good; the choice of Mr. Vinson as Chief Justice in 1946 merely ensured a close link between the Administration and the Court, while the appointment of Justice Clark flabbergasted those who knew his record as a lawyer and as a politician. The nomination of Governor Warren as Chief Justice—and he was the only Republican "possible" with national standing—may do something to give the Court a new firmness and sense of direction. He is, on many issues, a liberal. He took a firm stand as Governor of California against witch-hunting in the State University; he is "acceptable" to organised labour; and he has always taken a progressive position on racial questions. He is, nevertheless, fundamentally conservative, in the proper sense. He opposed President Roosevelt's plan for reforming the Supreme Court, and he approved the present Court's refusal to endorse Mr. Truman's seizure of the steel industry during the strike a year ago. The problem he faces as Chief Justice is how to give the Court coherence. For several years, the Court has been dividing sharply, and the liberal minority—usually Black, Frankfurter and Douglas—has not only been outvoted but has often disagreed on its grounds of dissent. On certain issues, they may find an ally in the new Chief Justice. He should, at least, prove an anvil on which real opinions may be hammered out; his predecessor was an amiable politician, who thought first in terms of expediency and then sought for legal principles afterwards on which to base weak judgments.

FRIENDS OVERSEAS

Readers can now make Christmas Gifts of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION "Acquaintance Subscriptions" to their friends overseas.

An announcement appears on page 425

Campaign Against Gatwick

A committee of local residents has now published its case against the expansion of Gatwick into a large international airport. It claims that a thousand acres of agricultural land will be lost; that amenities are threatened; and that, in any case, weather conditions make Gatwick an unsuitable diversionary field for London. It is also argued that it is foolish to construct a big aerodrome on the edge of a New Town, and that noise nuisance and the danger of crashes menace the inhabitants of both Crawley and Horley.

There is something in each of these claims—though the campaigners and the local planning authorities on which some of them sit do not seem greatly concerned about the "loss of amenity" caused by protest posters. Yet there is much to be said in favour of the scheme. Agricultural land is likely to be lost anywhere by airport construction; Crawley citizens will probably not be greatly bothered by aircraft taking off and landing, and the "stacking" area will be on the South Coast; and Gatwick's suitability on grounds of weather is a technical matter subject to statistical proof. Crawley, moreover, might benefit economically, first from an expensive construction project, and secondly because the aerodrome could offer alternative employment in a town which is becoming very dependent on Defence contracts. There are many subsidiary trades and industries to a large airport. If the Ministry finally decides to press its plan, it could make one sensible concession to local opinion. The whole area of the airport should be transferred from Surrey to West Sussex and brought within the Crawley Development Area. In this way the planning safeguards would be supervised by those responsible for planning Crawley, and the authorities which would have to supply most of the services for the airport would benefit from the increased rate revenue it would yield.

Criminal Statistics

What is perennially surprising about the annual Criminal Statistics is not that crime of this or that kind has gone up or down, but that the figures go up or down so very little and so gradually. There is nothing to justify jubilant headlines in the fact, reported in the current Statistics, that "indictable offences known to the police" went down to 513,559 in 1952 from the 524,506 of the year before; it may even reflect the size of the police force rather than that of the criminal population. A figure of particular interest is the percentage of convicted murderers reprieved. It may surprise many people that, if Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's policy has differed at all from that of recent Home Secretaries is recommending the use of the Royal Prerogative, it is because he had been slightly more lenient.

The Moderation of Margate

LAST week the leader-writers were hard put to it to find enough superlatives with which to describe the "statesmanship" and "far-sighted moderation" of the decisions reached by the Labour Party at Margate. Even the *Economist* could find no fault. Under the heading "All Goes Right," it commented approvingly on the "revival of realism." The Conference, it went on, "accepted the arguments against nationalisation and voted for the policy that commits another Labour Government to nothing but water. . . . The Right Wing of the Labour Party has won a famous victory." The *Economist*'s jubilation was nicely matched by the melancholy with which both David Low and Vicky summed up their impressions of the Conference. Low portrayed a Napoleonic army in full retreat to Liberalism, and Vicky murmured a gentle R.I.P. at the tomb of Keir Hardie's Socialism. Wherever their sympathies may lie, every observer seems to be unanimous that the Labour Party has settled its internal disputes by adopting a non-controversial policy, almost indistinguishable from progressive Toryism.

Before this conclusion is finally accepted, it may be as well to list the policies to which the next Labour Government is now committed. We are not referring here either to economic targets or to vague generalisations about Socialism being a necessity for economic survival, about helping the backward areas, or about ending the Cold War. Such phrases bulk large in *Challenge to Britain* and, even more so, in the foreign policy document which Mr. Attlee commended to the Conference. They are the stuff of party propaganda, but they can be evaded all too easily by any future Labour Cabinet. What cannot be evaded are specific pledges. Is the next Labour Government committed "to nothing but water"? Here is the actual list of the commitments accepted at Margate:

(1) To re-nationalise steel.

(2) To re-nationalise road transport.

(3) To nationalise heavy chemicals—the precise boundaries of public ownership to be decided after an investigation.

(4) To acquire a number of key machine-tool firms and to take special powers to acquire any aircraft firm which falls down on its job.

(5) To nationalise water.

(6) To introduce a tax on capital.

These six pledges are all directly concerned with the advance towards Socialism. In addition, the next Labour Government is now committed to a formidable expansion of social security. It is pledged:

(7) To raise all social security benefits, including old age pensions, to subsistence level, and thereafter to hold an annual review, so as to maintain their real purchasing power.

(8) To abolish Health Service charges.

(9) To introduce (immediately, but by stages) Equal Pay.

(10) To abolish within ten years the eleven-plus examination by a complete reconstruction of secondary education.

When the next Labour Government starts carrying out this formidable programme, will the *Economist* still cry "All Goes Right"? We have our doubts. Its anxiety to discredit Bevanism and to strengthen "the moderates" has prevented it from noticing that the programme of action, which formed the basis of the pact between Left and Right at Margate is at least as bold as *Let Us Face The Future*.

A comparison of the two programmes, indeed, reveals that they have common defects as well as common virtues. Once again the central emphasis is on welfare, and the problems of Socialist planning are almost entirely evaded. The social services are not merely to be restored, but enormously expanded. Yet virtually nothing is said, beyond pious platitudes, about how the national economy is to be reorganised in order to carry still heavier Welfare overheads. We hear of vast plans for investment in engineering, but little of how either capital or labour is to be channelled away from inessential industries to those branches of engineering where expansion is required. In 1945 it was excusable that the Labour Party should concentrate on the redistribution of wealth and fail to see the central problem of production. What is remarkable is that, eight years later, it should commit the same mistake and receive the enthusiastic applause of the whole Tory press.

In sober fact, the one achievement of the Right at Margate was to frustrate the demand of the Left that the problems of production should be honestly faced. The Right agreed that the Party should be pledged to a vast expansion of the social services, but blankly refused to accept the advance to a Socialist planned economy, without which the enlarged Welfare State must inevitably founder. Who can suggest that an economy, of which only 20 per cent. is publicly owned, and which relies on the unplanned and undiscriminating impulses of private profit and private initiative, can possibly sustain the proposed expansion of the social services, not to mention a Defence programme which absorbs 12 per cent. of the national income? Who seriously pretends that British agriculture, under the present system of ownership, and cushioned by the 1947 Agricultural Marketing Act, will expand its production by one-half without vastly increasing its prices? The blunt fact is that, when the next Labour Government starts on this programme, it will be faced within two years by a choice. Then it will be compelled either to abdicate or to go forward to the more drastic forms of Socialism which were so overwhelmingly—and illogically—repudiated at Margate.

A Programme for Peace in Kenya

[The author of this article, Mr. Joseph Murumbi, was chosen as Secretary of the Kenya African Union after its original officers had been imprisoned, but while the organisation itself was still legal. Of mixed Masai and Goan parentage, he is a resident of Kenya, occupying land in an African Reserve. He sets out below his own suggestions for the basis of a peaceful settlement in Kenya. We attach the greatest importance to giving publicity at this moment to such a constructive statement of African demands, made as it is by a chosen representative of politically conscious Africans.]

THE situation in Kenya goes from bad to worse. It is a temptation for an African to spend his time in condemning the authorities, just as others must be tempted to spend their time in condemning Mau Mau. But this will get us nowhere. The time has come when on both sides men should strive to bridge the gulf that now divides the races.

It is in this spirit that I have come to this country. My first action was to approach the heads of the East African Department of the Colonial Office, and to them I put a series of proposals which I believe would open the door to peace in Kenya. I am not at liberty to say what the representatives of the Colonial Office replied, but I do ask that earnest consideration by all men and women of goodwill be given to the suggestions which I have made.

In my view, the first need is to release from prison men who have the confidence of the people and who would, therefore, be listened to when they made an appeal that violence should cease. I have reason to believe that many trusted African leaders who are now in prison or in detention camps would be ready to do this. An amnesty of this character to all persons who are not charged with actual crimes of violence would create an atmosphere in which there would be an opportunity for peace. With one or two exceptions, the African spokesmen who are at liberty are regarded by the people as instruments of the policy of the Government rather than as spokesmen of the African community.

If there is to be any hope of a settlement with real representatives of the African people the Government must be ready to discuss with them essential reforms. Whatever the origin of Mau Mau, there is not the least doubt that the support given to it arises from a deep sense of grievance about economic, social and political injustices. It is useless for the authorities merely to declare that they intend reforms after all Mau Mau violence has ceased; one of the essential factors in ending the violence is to convince Africans that they really intend the reforms. And that means beginning now.

I do not suggest that these discussions should take place only with African representatives. Once the atmosphere in Kenya is improved by an amnesty, steps should be taken to call a Round Table Conference of representatives of all races with a view to the acceptance of a programme of political, social and economic reforms. This is not so impossible as it may seem at first sight. Last November, Mr. Leslie Hale, M.P., and Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., nearly secured such an agreement. It is true that the situation is now worse, but if African leaders were given an opportunity to make an appeal to their people to end violence and the appeal succeeded, as I believe it would, the atmosphere would immediately improve and the opportunity would return for inter-racial discussion.

Some Europeans will object to these suggestions on the grounds that they would mean a loss of face by appeasing violence. They should realise that all the violence has not been on one side, and that many African people feel as bitterly against Europeans as Europeans feel against Africans. It is not a matter of appeasement but of courage on both sides to break through this ill-will and to face the actual situation with realism and statesmanship. There must be a recognition by many Europeans that a continuation of the present con-

flict will be disastrous to the country and all its races. We now need men of the three races with the vision and boldness needed to come forward with the object of finding a settlement which would make renewed co-operation possible.

In my view the following points should be included in any programme which aims at agreement. First comes the development of land in the African Reserves to the fullest capacity, so as to increase productivity among the crowded and impoverished people. Admittedly, African lands are improperly farmed, because of the lack of education and agricultural instruction and technical aid. But the fact must be faced that the land available in the Reserves, even if fully developed, is inadequate to carry the population. I need only quote Mr. Norman Humphrey, a Senior Agricultural Officer, who in his report, *The Kikuyu Lands*, said, in relation to the South Nyeri area of the Kikuyu Reserve, that the average holding of a family of six was "in 1944 no more than 3.35 acres, and in 1955 would be reduced still further to 2.61." There is little doubt that this reduced figure has already been reached. It is simply not possible for the needs of the people to be satisfied when they are so crowded on the land.

It is worth noting that the problem of land shortage is not confined to the Kikuyu. In another report, *The Liguru and the Land*, published in 1947 by Mr. Norman Humphrey, Mr. H. E. Lambert, in his foreword, says of the North Kavirondo Reserve that "the Luyha people as a whole are on the borderline of massive destitution. In another generation, if the present trend continues, distress is certain to prevail. And there can now be little doubt that this same trend is operative in most of the native lands in Kenya."

To meet this need of the Africans it is reasonable to ask that Crown Lands in the Highlands which have not yet been sold to Europeans should be made available. Admittedly the extent of land would not be adequate, but psychologically this step would make a deep impression of sincerity. The objection that it would involve the farming of one territory by two races ought not to stand in the way. There is a precedent in certain districts even of Southern Rhodesia, and the acceptance of the principle of neighbouring farms by Europeans and Africans would be a great contribution to overcoming the feeling of discrimination which now humiliates Africans.

To prevent misuse of land, I suggest that the farmers should be required to conform to strict farming practices, and that leases for such land should be on a temporary basis until the farmer has proved himself efficient. During this period he should be subject to eviction if his farming does not reach the required standard.

I should like to see African farming carried out under a Co-operative organisation. Community Projects, Co-operative farming and rural industries should be introduced in the Reserves and technical and financial help welcomed from the U.N. and from British, American, Indian or other sources. I have recently seen the tremendous advance made in India on these lines.

The next point is political. It is really time that the principle of parity, which has been accepted for Tanganyika, should be adopted in the representation of the African, Asian and European races in the Executive and Legislative Councils of Kenya. We have 5½ million Africans, 120,000 Asians and 35,000 Europeans. The proposal is surely moderate that there should at least be equal representation of the three races and Africans should have the opportunity to elect their representatives just as the Europeans and Asians now do. Political democracy should also be applied to local government. The members of the Local Native Councils should be directly elected by the people. A further need is for the progressive elimination of the colour bar. The African is now constantly humiliated by treatment which makes him feel that he is regarded as less than a human being in his own country.

Next, education. If we are to expect Africans to advance and play their full part in the development of the country, they must be given greater opportunities. At present, thousands of African children are denied any learning, and the independent schools which Africans themselves established have been largely closed down. It is a first necessity that primary education be made available for all African children, that secondary schools should be extended, and that scholarships, not only to Makerere College but to British and other Universities, should be facilitated on a much wider scale.

I have emphasised the importance of the co-operative movement. Equally there must be encouragement of trade unions among Africans. This is not only a matter for the Government; we require help from the British trade union movement. And, finally, the Government must change its attitude towards educated and politically minded Africans. They should be encouraged in all schemes of political, economic and social developments. At present they feel not wanted. In this connection, it is important that Africans should be permitted to re-establish a political organisation which will include all tribes. There has been some suggestion that political associations should be allowed only on a tribal basis. This is sheer reaction, because the future of Kenya depends upon developing a sense of unity which will break down tribal divisions.

I do not suggest that this programme should be accepted as a condition of discussions. I propose it only to indicate the problems which representatives of the three races should face together. If an amnesty were granted which would allow Africans not charged with acts of violence to influence their people to end the present conflict and accept an inter-racial conference in which their trusted representatives could participate on a basis of equality, it should be possible to work out an agreement which would offer the hope of peace and progress in Kenya.

JOSEPH MURUMBI

Labour and the Trade Unions

IF Mr. Tom O'Brien gave expression, as he sometimes does, to a good deal of ill-considered nonsense in his now notorious interview with the *Manchester Guardian* on the relations between the trade unions and the Labour Party, yet we should nevertheless be grateful to him.

He has brought into the open an issue on which there has been a good deal of back-stage whispering for some time, and forced the General Council to take official notice of the effects of an attitude of mind not solely confined to the ebullient Mr. O'Brien and those of his Conservative friends upon whom he sometimes bestows the benefits of his indiscretions. If out of this there develops a serious reconsideration of the relations between the trade unions and the Labour Party by those on both the extreme wings of the Labour Movement—and in the middle as well for that matter—Mr. O'Brien will not have hit the headlines in vain.

Those who—like Mr. O'Brien, it would seem—toy with the idea of an "independent" trade union movement throwing its weight this way or that according to the needs of the moment, are living in a cloud-cuckoo land, divorced from political, economic and human realities. But the fact that there are and always will be stresses in the relations between trade unions and the Labour Party is real and permanent. Some factors in the current political and economic pattern tend to sharpen them. But their existence is in no sense a modern phenomenon. They arise inevitably from the nature and responsibilities of the two forces. Yet, although real enough, divergencies of approach between the dominant groups in the trade unions and a good many of the most active workers in the Constituency Parties tends to be sharpened on the trade union side by a much loved myth, which the General Council might very well take another look at. This is that the Labour Party is the child of the trade unions, so that those of its members who fail wholly to accept the dominant trade union line are not only lacking in political responsibility, which might be forgivable, but are in a fundamental sense unfilial and immoral. "Our predecessors formed this Party," declared Ernest Bevin, characteristically throwing away not merely the baby, but the wet nurse too, in a famous speech before an earlier Conference. "It was not Keir Hardie. The Labour Party grew out of the bowels of the T.U.C."

This sense of parental outrage affects almost all trade union leaders in moments of choler—it is a strong constituent, for example, in the emotional make-up of Mr. Deakin and Sir Will Lawther. Now it is factually correct that the Labour Party came directly into existence as a consequence of a resolution of the Trade Union Congress of 1899. It is true that the Labour Party as we know it could not have existed, and would not now exist, without the massive numerical, organisational and financial support of the trade unions. But it is equally true, and no less worth remembering by trade unionists, that the trade union movement would not have existed in its modern form if it had not been for Socialism. Non-political trade unionism is not a new pipe dream of Mr. O'Brien's. It had already been tried and proved inadequate under the leadership of Allan of the Engineers, Applegarth of the Carpenters, McDonald of the Miners and their heirs and successors like Henry Broadhurst. It was Hardie, Burns, Tom Mann, Tillett, Will Thorne and others—all Socialists, all Left Wing—who gave trade unionism a political and Socialist content in the Eighties; in the process transformed it; and made possible its extension to the great mass of the workers. They it was who established the characteristic mode of today—a mode that has influenced the skilled no less than the unskilled.

Historically the debt of the political and industrial movements is mutual. Over the past half century of their greatest growth, each has benefited equally from association with the other, and each been equally dependent on the other. Their federation has withstood every challenge and blandishment—the antagonism or apathy of almost all the established trade unions in 1900, the legal body-blow of the Osborne judgment in 1909, the swing to syndicalism before the first world war, the political division during it, the fears created by the new "Socialist" constitution of 1918, the disillusionments of MacDonaldism, the strain of the General Strike, the catastrophe of 1931 and the policy quarrels of the Thirties. Almost all of these were more serious than such differences as now exist.

The economic necessities, to which the T.U.C. and the Labour Party give human expression, are now sustained by such a complex of common ideas, settled habits, dual membership and interlocking organisation that no single political or industrial

group of leaders, however powerful, could successfully bring about a divorce even if there were any who wanted to. Those who contemplate such a division, whether with hope or fear, waste their energy. History is against them. But this, although important, does not get away from the fact that there are, and always will be, tensions which have to be lived with. It merely indicates that they should be looked at sensibly and with a proper sense of proportion, like the occasional incompatibilities of even the most successful marriage. By the nature of their vocation, the leaders of the trade unions must be more pragmatic in their approach to current economic and industrial problems than is always seemly in a politician. They cannot avoid co-operation to a very far reaching extent with whatever Government is in power—indeed they have for many years been fighting for such co-operation as a right and as a basic recognition of their national satus. But equally, by the nature of their vocation, the most active workers in the constituencies must be both more politically aggressive and politically perfectionist than the trade union leader can afford to be without jeopardising the immediate interests of his members. There is, however, no fundamental incompatibility in these two approaches; and the whole history of the development of political and industrial Labour over the past half century shows it.

But while recognising these inevitable differences of approach, we must surely break with the second of the dangerous myths. It finds its strongest adherents among those outside the trade unions. It is the myth of a monolithic trade union policy. If Margate showed anything, it showed that differences of opinion on such subjects as the rate and degree of nationalisation and on the desirability, or otherwise, of workers' control exist at least as much between trade unions as between Constituency Parties or within the Parliamentary Party. The foundrymen, the engineers, the railwaymen were at least as much in disagreement with the arguments of the great general workers' unions and the miners on these matters as was any Constituency Party. Indeed it may well be that we are in for a period of increasing divergence between craft unions and general unions, based on the fact that, while the general workers and also the miners have for the time being most to gain from the consolidation of the existing Welfare State and the smooth running of existing nationalised industries, the craft unions can gain most from an extension of the area of direct workers' control—in many ways the next logical step in the advancement of their skilled status. The miners and general workers were on the Left when the major struggle was that of the underprivileged for a secure social framework, the craft unions tended to be on the Right when what was most immediately necessary was to defend what they had gained. Now to some extent the positions are reversed.

However this may be, it is clear after Margate that while differences will continue to exist in the Labour movement, to express them in terms of a conflict between the trade unions and the Constituency Parties is both dangerous and contrary to the facts. No doubt, there is a trade union view, but it is made up of a complex of many views. No doubt, there is a Constituency Party view, but it also is made up of a complex of many. What is important, and what Margate—reaffirming the lesson of a great deal of Labour history—has emphasised, is that it is possible for all these different views to coalesce in acceptance of a platform which, while it may fall short in one way or another of what each had fought for, yet represents a solid achievement which each can support.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

London Diary

I BELIEVE that most thoughtful people, reading reports of the Party Conferences, are mainly depressed by the triviality of the proceedings. In the newspapers, they also read paragraphs announcing new explosions in one part of the world or another, coupled with remarks by Generals and scientists showing that while the politicians talk, the experts on both sides of the Iron Curtain are relentlessly, step by step, preparing for a war which they say, quite blandly, will end England and, quite possibly, the civilised life of the world.

This is not, of course, fair to the Party leaders, who are no worse than other men. They are caught in a trap. They accept facts, and become numbly immersed in small day-by-day decisions and fascinating intrigues. The chief interest to me in the Conferences has been that, as a result of Sir Winston's famous speech two days before the Sunderland bye-election, the politicians are again talking about a world settlement. Peace is no longer, as it was before the death of Stalin, a dirty word; on the contrary, it is again an election winner. So Mr. Attlee has out-bid Sir Winston in the peace auction, and Labour's electoral stock has correspondingly risen. Whether they liked or disliked Sir Winston's speech (mostly they disliked his open challenge to the U.S.), every Conservative M.P. and candidate is praying that Sir Winston on Saturday will once again outbid Mr. Attlee. Will he announce that Mr. Eden is off to Moscow? Perhaps. But at least, if he is to satisfy the Party organisers, he must do something to regain the peace initiative from Labour. Some people will be shocked at the idea that foreign policy should be formed in this way. But in fact it is an excellent example of how a free people can exert pressure on its politicians. The overwhelming majority of the electorate, irrespective of party, dislikes the idea of toeing the Dulles line and wants to see Britain mediating between the blocs. So there is once again a chance of a renewed attempt to talk sanity with Malenkov.

* * *

It is estimated that the American carrier *Forrestal*, the warship of the Atomic Age, will cost $218,000,000. This is ten times as much as the United Nations has had to spend on its Technical Assistance Programme for the underdeveloped territories of the whole world, this year. It should have been $25,000,000, but the U.S. has not yet appropriated $4,000,000 which it had pledged to give. When the "pledging conference" meets next month, members will be asked to repeat this year's figure for 1954, although schemes submitted by Governments and approved as worthwhile, would total $43,000,000—still only a fifth of the cost of one warship.

* * *

I am glad to see that detective fiction is becoming popular in the U.S.S.R. For the first time the Moscow public has been told by *New Times* the story of Maclean and Burgess. There, as here, it is written up as an example of bourgeois decadence; but in Moscow it is described as a slander on the U.S.S.R., whereas here it was considered an example of Soviet cleverness. In both cases, of course, the politics is a cover for the natural pleasure that readers in Moscow and London alike get from a good mystery story. Why Soviet citizens should think it a slander on themselves to be told that two British diplomats preferred Moscow to London, is as unintelligible to me as why people in the West, many of them professed Christians, should express surprise or shock when Mrs. Maclean joins her lawful wedded husband—if that is, in fact, what has occurred. The only possible effect of the story both in the East and the West, is to make the ordinary man in the street even more sure than ever that public affairs, as presented in the press, are the stuff of comic opera.

* * *

It is, I suppose, the job of Archbishops to read us moral lectures. But, before he composes another, Dr. Garbett should really take a refresher course in ethics. The other day he solemnly castigated innocent husbands who permit themselves to be the guilty party in divorce actions, and accused them of "moral cowardice." I can't help thinking that the Archbishop has muddled his terms. Collusion can properly be described as a violation of the law and even, I suppose, as a sin, if committed by a communicant. But this sin is created by the law, since often the only alternative is the surely far greater sin of perpetuating an insincere, loveless and unwilling relationship. Some such husbands are, no doubt, moral cowards. But so are a great many husbands who have not the courage to end a marriage which they are convinced ought to be ended. The fact is that the Church's view of matrimony, and the law which derives from it, are morally repugnant to the vast majority of married people in this country today. The widespread evasion of this law is a proof not of the moral cowardice of the evaders, but of the contradiction between the practices of the Church and the ethics of the community. Instead of lecturing husbands, the Archbishop should ask himself whether it is not time that the Church stopped compelling conscientious people to evade the law in order to behave decently and humanly.

* * *

I did not know Ernst Reuter well; but I feel sure that the tribute to him by Miss Elsie Howard which is published on another page gets much nearer to his real personality than most of the formal obituaries. Miss Howard mentions in passing that she had helped to secure his release from concentration camps, but does not describe how she flew to Berlin and persuaded Göring to grant her request by exercising that mysterious moral authority which Quakers seem to be able to exert even over wicked men. Like Kurt Schumacher, Reuter was a Socialist who achieved a greatness that transcended party politics. The death of both these men within two years is a crushing blow to a party which is desperately short of leaders. Western Germany owes much to the democratic faith of Schumacher and Reuter; without their courage the German Labour movement would have split into warring factions instead of becoming the one solid bulwark of democracy in the Federal Republic.

* * *

I have just received an advance copy of a book called *To Beg I Am Ashamed* by Sheila Cousins, which was withdrawn by an English publisher in 1938 under threat of prosecution for obscenity. It is the autobiography of a prostitute, now republished by the Richards Press. With the book comes to me a letter from an old friend giving me the real background of the book, lest I should be under an illusion that it is a "fake." He tells me that in 1937 he was picked up in Sackville Street by Sheila Cousins, impressed by her "perfectly good middle-class accent," and then, in her flat, shown "a sheaf of typescript, which represented her attempt to start her autobiography." As he found that she had no real capacity for putting her thoughts on paper, he spent two hours in her flat every morning for three months, taking notes of her story.

She was an admirable person to work with. She had an extraordinarily good memory, both verbal and visual, and frequently a felicitous turn of phrase. ("All that I knew of it [London] was that it was a place where there was a Park and that a band played in the Park"; "Singapore is Hendon Central with the sea round" are just two of her characterisations.) All the conversations are hers, and almost all the descriptions: my work was confined to providing continuity and occasionally making a little plainer some of her mental confusions. I did come across one difficulty, and I fancy it may be seen in the book. At a certain point in the story, just about where she first goes on the streets, I began to come up in my note-taking against what psychoanalysts call resistance, with no psychoanalytic technique to deal with it. Sheila had agreed to write the book, she wanted it to be finished, she needed the money—just as a neurotic wants his analysis to succeed. But quite suddenly she would burst out: "I've lived all through these horrors in fact: have I got to live them over again in words now?" When that happened, all I could do was to go out and get a quart of beer from the corner pub and resign myself to a wasted morning.

I find this a fascinating story, and glancing through the book I have not been able to see why anyone should think it obscene.

* * *

Only Colonel Brodie, the military attaché at the British Legation in Korea, correctly spotted that my quotation last week was from the Memoirs of Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley; his letter is printed on a later page. Much of the interest of the quotation lies in the foresight of this serving officer. Some other correspondents guessed at Sir Winston in his peripatetic youth as a journalist, though there is strong internal evidence in the paragraph against Churchillian authorship. A few suggested General Gordon; one thought it was by the author of *The Yellow Danger*—so often misquoted as *The Yellow Peril;* and another made the bizarre guess that it was by Samuel Butler. One wild idea was that it was written by Tolstoy, the oddest—Mark Twain.

* * *

Anthony Carson's delicious account of his experience of war-time lecturing to the troops in last week's issue of the *N.S. & N.* suddenly jolted my mind back to a blazing hot day in the summer of 1944. I used to go around "inspiring" (or perplexing?) His Majesty's Forces with accounts of post-war problems that, as victors in the world war for democracy, they would have to play their part in solving. On this occasion I had driven rather reluctantly to an East Anglian hamlet where the unit was stationed. More accurately I should say it was some fields, guns and hutments. I showed my pass and was guided respectfully by a shy young lieutenant to a field where some men in shirt-sleeves were digging latrines. They fetched chairs from the huts and sat down facing me, and even now I can see the sweat and sleep in their faces. The subject announced for my address was "The Problem of Poland." True, I was myself intensely interested in the struggle of Mikolajczyk and the Lublin Committee, but I plunged into my talk, acutely aware that without a map I could not even show where Poland was, let alone explain why its frontiers between Germany and Russia constituted a problem. I ploughed on miserably in the shimmering sunshine. My voice sounded to me, and, I suspect, to my listeners as well, not very distinct from the drone of bees in the buttercups. There was nothing else to do except plough on; unlike Carson, I had no lecture prepared on the sex life of the amœba. After talking for half an hour I stopped and demanded questions. There was a dead silence then a voice said: "Can the lecturer tell us when this bloody war will be over?"

CRITIC

Report from British Guiana

(By a Special Correspondent in Georgetown, British Guiana)

ON April 27, this year, the people of British Guiana went to the polls to elect the first Government under the new constitution, and the first Government in the history of the colony ever to be elected by universal suffrage. The Constitution, based on the report of the Sir John Waddington Committee, was regarded as experimental. The experiment resulted in the return of a Government more Communist in ideology than any in the Western World. Three major parties contested the election: the Guiana National Party, the National Democratic Party (both since merged to form the United Democratic Party), and the People's Progressive Party. The P.P.P. was founded by an East Indian, Dr. Cheddi Jagan, and several other prominent East Indian and Negro Guianese. Dr. Jagan is a dentist. He studied at North Western University and, while in Chicago, met and married Janet Rosenberg, with whose aid the Party was founded. The other leaders are lawyers and doctors and small businessmen; they are the intelligentsia. Their Party, however, belongs to the people. Calypsos are written about it and there is no doubt that for the inarticulate it has provided a mouthpiece. It is not a Communist party; the ethos which inspires its rank-and-file is nationalist and anti-White. It holds its meetings at the street corners and attracts mass attendances. The G.N.P. and the N.D.P. normally meet behind closed doors which are entered by subscription only. Thus, in a Colony where the Europeans number only 2,500 out of a population of 425,000, the victory of the P.P.P. should not have been surprising.

Under the Constitution, the P.P.P., with eighteen seats out of the twenty-four in the House of Assembly, now hold six of the ten Ministries, the remaining four being filled by appointment by the Governor. Dr. Jagan holds the portfolio of the Ministry of Agriculture, Forests, Mines and Lands, and is the First Minister. A near-Communist Government, elected in a country whose economic and political structure is predominantly capitalist and wholly colonial, presents a rear phenomenon. Dr. Jagan, however, acknowledged the limitations of his position frankly enough in a recent radio talk when he discussed the part to be played by private investment in the colony and the development of a Socialist system:

> I believe in the superiority of the Socialist system. Capitalism proved itself more efficient than feudalism and slavery and so replaced them. So will the capitalist system itself in due course be changed into a higher and more efficient Socialist system. Likewise Socialism itself will evolve into the higher Communist stage of society.

The thesis is familiar to those who have read Karl Marx. He went on:

> I am a great admirer of the Soviet Union and the "People's Democracies." The efforts at human regeneration in those countries deserve the sympathy and consideration of all peoples. As a developing country we must learn not only from the rich experience of the technically advanced countries of the West. There is much to adopt from the new methods of organisation in these advanced countries. Let us keep an open mind. Let us not be led astray by the propaganda about Soviet Imperialism and slave camps. The Russian revolution was fought not to bring about oppression but to end it. I believe that the Russian revolution, like the French and American revolutions, will always be regarded as a landmark in the history of development of human society.

The economy of British Guiana, which covers an area of 83,000 square miles, only 481 of which are cultivated, is based primarily on bauxite, sugar and rice. Gold and diamonds are also mined in large quantities. The largest bauxite resources in the world are at Mackenzie, in the interior, situated on the Demerara river. They are exploited by the Demerara Bauxite Co., Ltd., a subsidiary of the Aluminum Co. of Canada. The fourteen sugar estates of the colony are owned by three private companies, which also engage in merchant and retail trading. The largest runs its own shipping line and also operates in Kenya and in Liverpool.

Since coming to power the P.P.P. has been by no means politically inactive. The street-corner meetings have continued. Its policy has so far been directed mainly in the interests of two important groups, the "domestics" and the sugar workers. It is a shrewd guess that assistance to these two groups will evoke a widespread popular response in a colony whose people, originally imported from Africa as slaves, still find its main occupation either on the sugar plantations or as servants of the White minority. A Commission has been set up to consider the working conditions of the domestics. Their demands—surely not wholly unreasonable—are, in effect, for regular hours and overtime, with piece-rates for the washers based on a percentage of current laundry prices. If the employers are not prepared to pay these rates, says the Party, then they must do without servants: after doing their own work they will soon call back their servants. This assumption is the crux of the matter. For if the White population cannot afford to employ servants at these prices, then the servants will become unemployed. They accept the present wages because they must. There is no alternative occupation.

The sugar workers are the centre of the present discontent in the colony. On August 30 last, the President of the Guiana Workers Industrial Union, Dr. J. P. Lachmansingh, who is also the Minister of Health and Housing, called a colony-wide strike on the sugar estates. The timing was crucial; for it was the season for cutting and burning the sugar, and every day of the strike involved a loss to the industry. The purpose of the strike is not certain. Originally it was thought to be a demand for recognition of the union, but the union secretary cited this as only one among a number of demands. A letter to the Sugar Producers' Association dated August 6 listed the Union's demands as follows:

1. Increased wages (ranging from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent.) for all factory and field workers.
2. Abolition of the "cut and load" system of piece work; or an increase to seven shillings a ton.
3. Establishment of basic rates and standardised tasks for all field workers.
4. Increased prices for farmers' canes. (These are sold by smallholders to the sugar estates.)
5. Cane cutters to be paid for time lost waiting on punts.
6. Government-sworn check-weighers at all estate scales.
7. Provision of pure drinking water for all field workers.
8. No victimisation.

By September 5, twelve of the fourteen estates had closed down, and by the 10th, the remaining two had followed them. Thirty thousand workers were out. It is estimated that in the first week of the strike production was 4,500 tons down, against an average weekly figure of 9,000 tons. In addition 1,900 tons had been burnt and left standing in the fields or cut and left in punts, representing a loss to the colony of £80,500, based on the Commonwealth negotiated price.

Arbitration was attempted by the Minister of Labour, but the S.P.A. looked somewhat cynically upon the spectacle of one Minister arbitrating

on a strike called by another. The sugar producing companies are not wholly dependent on their revenue from the estates, and it seemed they were prepared to sustain the loss of this year's crop in defence of their principle, which is "that affairs were managed well enough in the past, and that they know how to run their estates and look after their workers without the interference of a lot of agitators."

Before the strike came to an end at the end of last month, there were several incidents of crop-burning by the strikers in an increasingly tense atmosphere; and it is out of these incidents that the present crisis between the Governor and his Ministers arose. The Governor, for instance, sought to order out the police to "maintain law and order" on the estates; the Government responded by confining them to barracks. The Governor then made use of Government transport to carry auxiliary police to the strike areas, and was sharply criticised in public by the Minister of Communications, Mr. Sydney King, for doing so without Government authority. Alongside the bad blood between the Governor and his Ministers, which this sort of incident has created, came the action of the Government Union Federation in calling on Government employees to strike in sympathy with the sugar-workers. The concluding stage of the strike was marked by the introduction of a Bill on September 19 to compel employers to recognise such unions as the Minister of Labour "after due study deems to be representative of the workers in an industry." This Bill was, no doubt, inspired by the refusal of the sugar barons to recognise the sugar workers' union. Ten days ago, the Speaker of the House of Assembly ruled on a procedural point that this Bill was not sufficiently urgent to require the suspension of Parliamentary rules. The elected Ministers thereupon walked out of the House. Subsequently, after consultations between the Leader of the House, the Speaker and the Governor, the Speaker reversed his decision and permitted the suspension. The Bill is still under discussion. It is against this background of growing friction between the elected representatives of the Colony and the Governor with his officials, that the Governor is now reported to have asked for the new Constitution to be suspended, and that British trooops and warships are speeding here from the West Indies station.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Miss B. (who owns a London lingerie store) would hang all murderers. "Human life is sacred," she said.—*Sunday Chronicle.* (I. Thomas.)

Is it not time someone thought of cats when planning Council house estates where there is neither a wall nor a window-sill or even a tree, for them to sit on? We are altering their nature by grounding them.—Letter in *Bristol Evening Post.* (H. G. Whatley.)

So that he can be taught to read in Oxford Prison, —— was sentenced to 18 months there at Oxfordshire Quarter Sessions yesterday.—*Daily Telegraph.* (S. Fahmy.)

It is not that I don't like working, but the only thing I can do well is play the bagpipes. I have tried lots of jobs.—Lord Glenorchy reported in *Daily Sketch.* (G. F. Harrison.)

A woman doctor in Carlisle yesterday agreed that in an effort to stem her partner's drinking habits she lashed him with a dog leash, threatening to tattoo his bald head with the word "drunkard," and removed his clothing to keep him indoors.—*News Chronicle.* (I. W. Miller.)

Cheltenham : Words and Music

LITERATURE, according to Sarah, Belloc's bull-tossed illiterate, breeds distress. Acrimony, certainly, as the correspondence columns of weekly journals show. But, in Cheltenham, literature is respected as the art that pays its way, putting music to shame, and even, occasionally, making a profit.

Cheltenham, casting about for an attraction to substitute for the spa waters (the dozen or so glasses sold each day do not cover the attendant's wages, and the domed and draughty Pump Room is a municipal white elephant), seized eagerly upon the festival idea. In 1945, before Edinburgh had thought of turning its vestries into dressing-rooms, Cheltenham had organised its festival of contemporary music. The literary festival came later, and is now in its fifth year.

In the late Forties, when Levantine composers, South American poets and Chinese mathematicians were freely imported and liberally entertained by the British Council, and festivals were still a novelty in Britain, the music festival was considered a matter for pride and an aid to trade. Hoteliers declared that the combination of culture and Cotswolds could make Cheltenham an international tourist centre. They talked knowingly of Salzburg, Bayreuth, even, a trifle confusedly, of Oberammergau. And though to ears attuned to palm court orchestras and gypsy violins the music sounded odd—"difficult but rewarding" was the phrase—there was pleasure in spotting the musical celebrities as they walked through the garlanded streets : Vaughan Williams, billed as a Gloucestershire composer, a local wonder, so magnificently endowed by nature for the part of lion, and Benjamin Britten, carrying his tennis racquet along the Promenade, and looking so disturbingly like the nice bank clerk in the National Provincial.

But the music festival has not prospered. It has dwindled from three crowded weeks to a bare eight days. The reasons are simple. Cheltenham cannot compete with Edinburgh in scale, variety or richness. It lacks a presiding genius, living or dead. Britten has his own show at Aldeburgh ; and unless heaven provides an operatic composer of world class, it is very difficult to run a festival devoted to music. Opera, drama or ballet can draw an out-of-town audience ; concerts have not the same appeal. To hear the first performance of a work by Richard Arnell or Peter Racine Fricker, it is so easy to switch on the Third Programme if one is disinclined to make the pilgrimage to Cheltenham Town Hall. The subsidised foreign guests have melted away. The venture loses money ; and unmusical ratepayers are tiring of an enterprise that seems to bring the town neither financial gain nor international prestige. Efforts to capture the ordinary listener have not been happy. When some light pier-pavilion marching and waltzing was included in the programme, a chorus of critics protested vehemently against allowing the shades of Cheltenham to be thus polluted.

In contrast to music, Cheltenham has found literature to be a safe and dependable form of art. The humbler literary festival, five days of lectures, discussions and poetry readings, is a success, both financially (a modest profit of £20 can be expected) and in promoting good will. The personalities, thanks to radio and television, need no introduction. The vital statistics, as the beauty queens say, of contemporary authors are well known. Five minutes of purposeful loitering among the paperbacks at Llandudno Junction can keep one thoroughly *au fait* with the taste in wine, dogs, travel or religion of Novelist X or Philosopher Y. His voice is familiar from radio discussion ; he has been interviewed about his latest book sympathetically, as if he were a fretful convalescent, by one of television's *commères*. Never was it possible to know so much about authors, nowadays more publicised than anyone except actors and ball-players, without reading a line of their work.

The current tendency to exploit the personality of writers is the secret of Cheltenham's success with its literary festival. The composer has to stand or fall by his music ; his private life and his skill at parlour games do not enter into consideration. But the writers judiciously invited to speak at the festival are not judged by their written word alone : they are all established talkers, discussion group veterans, rounded personalities of the air, names with a sound Home Service ring.

Thus organisers and audience at the festival know beforehand whether the writer-talker is likely to entertain or bore them—highly satisfactory from their point of view. The only people who may possibly suffer are the writers themselves. For the serious writer there is a real danger that the comfortable job of exploiting his quiz or radio personality may deflect him from his proper task of thinking and writing. When playing children's games assures one of an income, fame and privileged treatment for the very minimum of intellectual exertion, serious work is apt to lose its urgency. One well-known writer —a success at last year's festival—found this and withdrew, wishing to base her reputation on some more solid achievement than her ability to identify a tinker, a tailor or a brandy-snap curler. She does not figure on this year's programme.

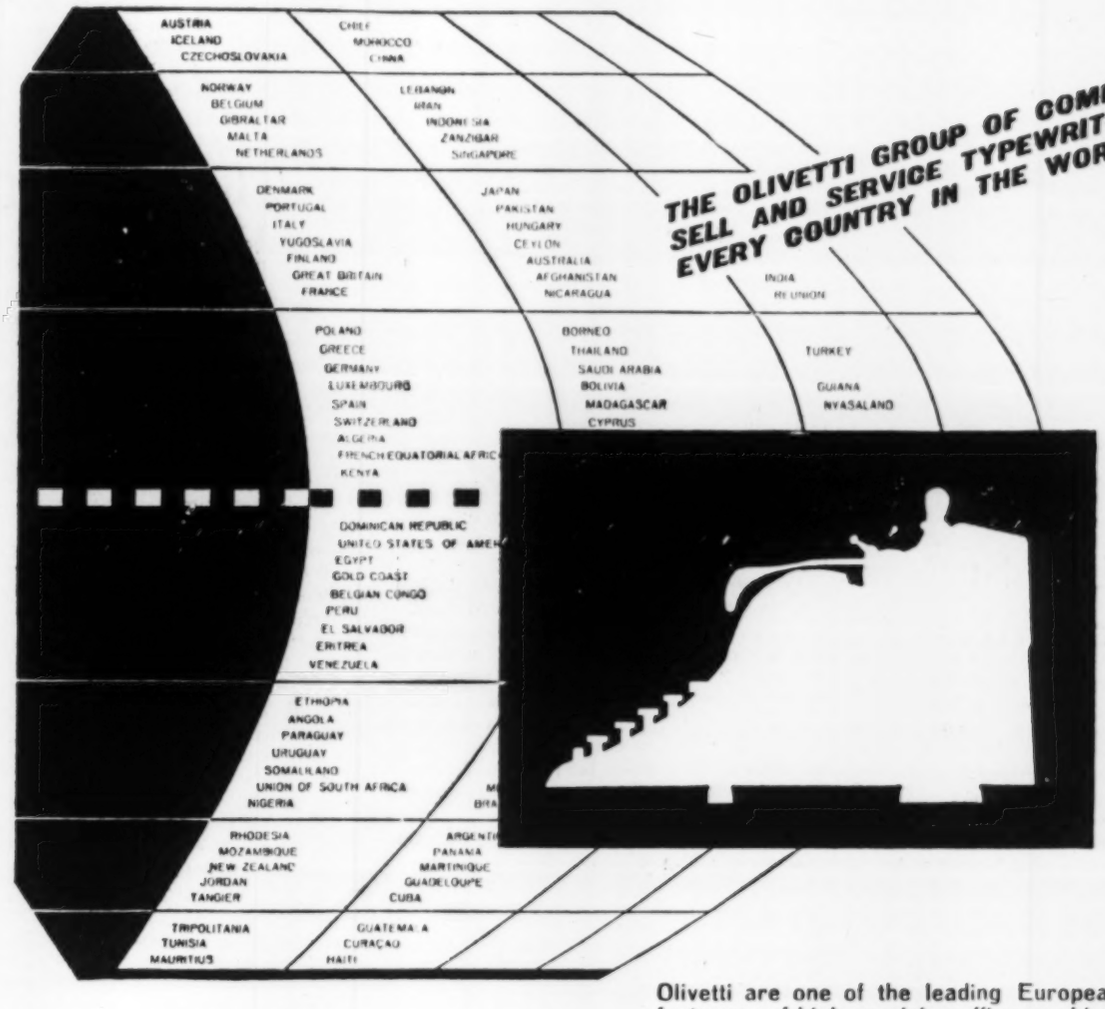
The music festival is Third Programme in conception ; the literary festival sticks to the Home in every sense of the word. In a dialogue between C. P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson it offers the spectacle, dear to the British public, whether exemplified by Brownings, Oliviers or Denisons, of a couple united in domestic felicity and artistic endeavour. It is true that this partnership could be paralleled in music, but how much more bothersome and expensive it is to import the entire Hallé orchestra for the pleasure of hearing the Barbirollis together. In Cheltenham, at any rate, the pen is mightier than the baton, and so much more manageable.

SYLVIA CLAYTON

Ernst Reuter

THE sudden death of Ernst Reuter plunged Berlin into mourning, and the sorrow is shared by millions of his countrymen, in the East as well as in the West. A great European, as well as a great German, he had stood like a rock, meeting the tides of hatred and intrigue. His courage had infected all his fellow Berliners, as he went about in his black beret, sometimes using a stick to help a lameness which derived from a wound in the first world war. He had to be persuaded to permit a guard to stand before his modest villa in Zehlendorf, where I visited him a few weeks ago. He was accustomed to stand up to hatred from Nazis and Communists alike. Twice he had been in concentration camps. On the second occasion, a string of circumstances enabled me to obtain his release, and he was never tired of saying that he owed his life to a Quaker woman.

When he escaped to England in 1934, he spent many weeks as my guest before accepting an important post in Ankara, under the Turkish Government. We corresponded regularly during



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the next nine years, and both felt certain that, with the eventual turn of the tide, he would be able once more to serve his country and his city of Magdeburg. But when at last he could make his way home, it was to Berlin that he went, first as *Stadtrat* and then as Lord Mayor. While his offices were still in the East sector, he went there every day at the risk of his life, the Western authorities having warned him that they could not guarantee his safety. After the transfer of his office to Schoeneberg, life became less anxious for his wife, who previously had never known if he would return alive each night.

I frequently visited him in Berlin and he never came to England without seeing me, even if only for a couple of hours at the airport. His loyal friendship is a memory which those of us who enjoyed it will always treasure. The millions of candles which the citizens of Berlin put in their windows on his funeral night are, I am sure, symbols of the hopefulness and courage which illuminated his life and infected all of us who knew him.

ELSIE HOWARD

Changing Styles in the Forest

TREES come and go more rapidly than most people might think. By this I mean not that their individual lives are shorter (though that also is true), but that they come into fashion—and disappear from the scene. Elderly people who deplore modern forestry and the preponderance of conifers sometimes plead for more beauty and more "old-fashioned" trees—and the horse chestnut is cited as an example. But Queen Elizabeth I never saw a horse chestnut. Again, the cedar of Lebanon, which is perhaps the only tree to be at once a conifer, a dark evergreen and alien, and yet generally admired, was almost certainly unknown in this country 350 years ago. Now, of course, specimens figure (together with yews and oaks) in magazines and newspapers as "trees mentioned in the Domesday Book." The survival of the fable about Domesday Book trees is remarkable; in fact, the Domesday survey contains no mention of any individual tree, much less any tree that lives today.

The hornbeam is a tree which was quite commonly used for avenues some two to three centuries ago, but now, having passed out of fashion, has become a relatively scarce species outside the south-eastern corner of England. Historically the hornbeam is interesting in more than one way. The Latin *Carpinus* gave us the word carpenter. The timber was much used for the cogs of mill wheels. Of the hornbeam's distribution as a wild tree in England one authority has noted that it belongs chiefly to that region which once formed part of the Rhine drainage system—and to this day the finest hornbeams in Europe are found on or near the banks of the Rhine.

The Lombardy poplar, which is among the most distinctive of all trees in a landscape and ranks as the typical poplar for the man in the street if not for the forester or ecologist, was introduced less than 200 years ago—in 1758. Another familiar fastigiate tree, the Irish or Florence Court yew, first came to this country after 1780, and the first male trees of this variety were found as recently as 1927. One of the most remarkable examples of change, in the come and go sense, may be found in the so-called common larch. Introduced in the first half of the 17th century, it was virtually ignored for more than 100 years. Then it was planted very largely, first by the Dukes of Atholl in Scotland and later by others elsewhere. Wordsworth perpetrated a stupid criticism according to the familiar formula (larch was a novelty and incongruous), but before Wordsworth's death larch had become the most valuable of all timber trees in Britain. About this period (Wordsworth died in 1850) larch began to suffer increasingly from canker, and soon, as luck would have it, another and relatively canker-free species of larch was introduced (in 1861) from Japan. Since then the European or common larch has gradually declined in esteem, or perhaps not so gradually in the last 40 years, and the Japanese larch has now almost superseded it.

A roughly similar story might be told of the common silver fir, the species which used normally to furnish "the tallest tree on the estate": this *Abies pectinata* is now seldom planted, because of its susceptibility to disease and insect pests. Instead, the nearly similar American *Abies grandis*, first introduced in 1831, is usually preferred. Incidentally, sentimentalists devoted to the "good old" idea might note that both the larch and silver fir changes are due primarily to the better health and greater vigour of the more newly introduced trees.

Two or three of the most generally deplored conifers were first admired and planted as ornamental trees. There are, for examples, Corsican pine (introduced 1759), Douglas fir (introduced 1827) and Sitka spruce (introduced 1831). None of these trees was at all widely used in British forestry until after 1900. But one of the earlier Douglas firs now ranks as the tallest tree in Great Britain, and Sitka spruce has for the last 25 years been planted in much greater numbers than any other species of tree.

As a tree changes from a garden or collector's species to a common forest tree it sometimes suffers confusing changes of name. Sitka spruce used to be Menzies' spruce, and the valuable tree now known either as western cedar, western red cedar (though it is not a cedar), or thuya used to be called arbor vitæ. Its labels have been *Thuya* (or *Thuja*), with the various specifics of *Craigiana*, *gigantea*, *Lobbii* and *Menziesii*, but it seems for the moment to have settled down as *Thuya plicata*.

The cricket bat willow has within the last 25 years been planted on such a scale that it is now a major feature of the landscape in some regions—for example, from a train going westwards from Reading to Devizes. The very pale blue-white leaves, turning silver under the wind, make a most effective contrast against darker trees, and particularly against conifers. Since well-grown bat willows are mature at 20 years, they come and go quickly in another sense. Early maturity, though not at 20 years, is also a feature of the new hybrid poplars which are now being planted in increasing numbers.

Meanwhile the foresters are planting beech and oak at the rates of roughly six and four million trees, respectively, a year. It would be interesting to know of any earlier period in the history of this island when these trees were planted on half such a scale or at half such a rate. Further, a large proportion of the beech and oak planting is in Southern England, or south of a Colchester-Gloucester line, whence comes most of the whimpering about scenery being spoilt by foresters. There may be objections that some of the oak now being planted is the American red oak introduced in the early 18th century and formerly prized as an ornamental tree, but the more extreme forms of insularity cannot be considered too seriously, since there are awkward possibilities. Two years ago, a leading authority, now the occupant of a professorial chair, published his opinion that the common English oak, *Quercus robur*, is in fact not indigenous to this island; that it was introduced from the Continent; and that only the durmast oak (*Q. petræa*) is a true Briton. After all, are not "Oakleaves" a distinctively German decoration for merit?

J. D. U. WARD

The Gift of Knowledge

GAVIN CHAMBERS at seventeen was much occupied with questions of life and death. He was not concerned so much with the death of any one individual—not even his own—as with the tragic briefness of all human existence. The boundaries of perception which had hitherto enclosed him in a comfortable, easily defined area of space and time had been shattered by the explosive forces of adolescence, leaving him stranded in eternity.

At night, as he lay in bed with the moonlight streaming across the room and the snores of his landlady's husband grating through the silence, he would feel the earth spinning and slipping soundlessly, falling in its downward curve, beneath and away from the sun, and his teeth would clench with horror. By day, travelling by bus to the accountant's office where he was apprenticed, eating lunch at the café next door, copying figures endlessly from one ledger to another, he would be pierced by awareness of the brief moment of time granted to him and to all who were alive with him. The generations, rolling back into uncharted history, the long, long, ages before man walked the earth, unimaginable aeons of time, saturated his consciousness, and made all effort except the effort to understand seem useless and futile.

For a time he supposed that others were equally aware of their situation, that there was an unspoken conspiracy amongst those who had entered adulthood to refrain from any mention of their plight, like sailors preserving discipline on a sinking ship. He would at this time meet the eye of a stranger and look away hastily, in case he should break the rules of the game, betray his dismay.

It was not long before he realised that he was mistaken. The initiates, it seemed, were few, and not to be found in his circle of acquaintance. Not only was he stranded, he was alone. The loneliness was abysmal, overwhelming, and the only companionship he could find was in books, especially in philosophy, which he began to read with passionate intensity.

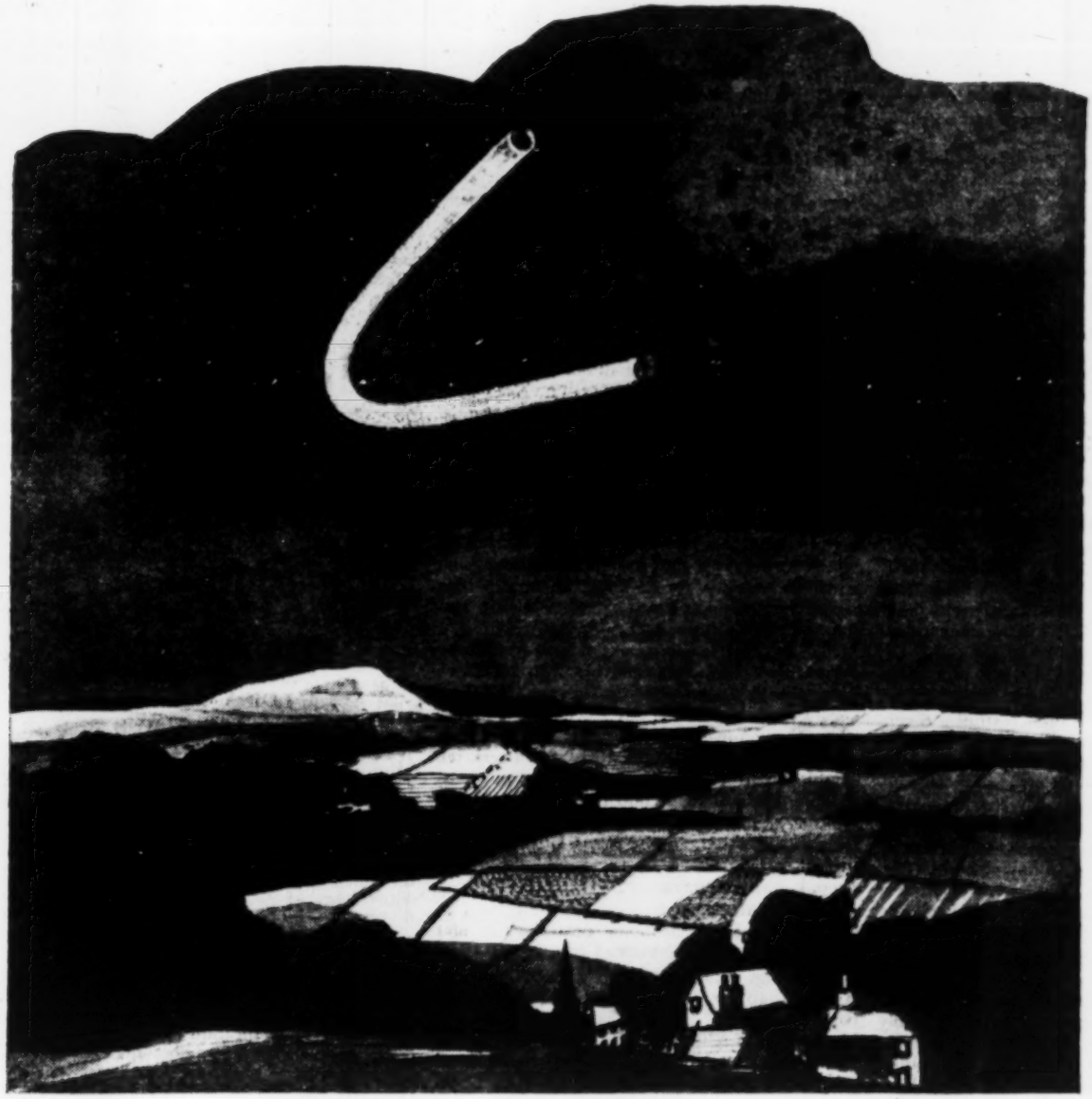
His landlady complained that he was getting paler and thinner every day. "What's the good of me feeding you on fresh eggs," she demanded, "and everything else the best I can get, if you do nothing but mope around reading books? It's not right, and that's my opinion."

Gavin, finding all she had to say beside the point, answered mechanically, so that she clucked with exasperation and anxiety. His eyes, raised from his book at nights when she took in his supper, were filled with a kind of despair which troubled her.

"Look after him, and see he wears a scarf when it's cold," were her parting words when she was suddenly taken ill and had to go into hospital, leaving her household in her mother's care.

"I'll see to everything," said the old woman finally. She was not accustomed to taking instructions from anyone, especially her daughter,

TI takes wings



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and had no doubt she knew how to deal with a boy of seventeen.

They met for the first time on Gavin's return from work that evening.

"M'daughter said you'd be home by six," she said. "It's twenty past, and your egg's frizzled."

"It doesn't matter. I don't mind," said Gavin. He was surprised in the first moment to see how old she was, then how young she seemed. Her face was small, but except for deep puckering of the upper lip, not much lined. Her eyes, pink-rimmed and faded, were clear and shrewd, missing nothing.

"Maybe you don't mind," she said, "but I do, with eggs at sixpence."

She poured out his tea, and to his annoyance sat down to watch him drink it. There was a moment's silence. Then he said awkwardly: "I hope your daughter will soon be well."

"I hope so. I think so." Her voice was untroubled. "We're a healthy family. Always have been. Me, I'm eighty-four," she said, her eyes on his face.

Gavin felt the respect which sheer tenacity in survival always exacts. "It's a good age," he said. She saw that he was impressed, and was pleased. Nimbly she got to her feet from the deep armchair. "I mustn't keep you," she said. "Let me know if I forget anything m'daughter usually does for you."

In the next few days Gavin was uneasily aware of her activity. With alarming energy she scrubbed and polished, washed and cooked, and one morning he found her, rather blue about the lips, bringing in the coals.

"Here, let me do that," he said indignantly. "I thought Mr. Grove brought in the coal."

"So he does," she said. "He just forgot this morning. But never heed, it's what I'm used to. As long as I'm able, I don't care."

She was still gasping a little, but she uttered a high wavering shriek of laughter. "There's life in the old girl yet," she said.

In a few moments she had recovered, but Gavin, jostling his way along the crowded pavement towards the bus stop, was unwillingly aware of how slender and brittle a tie bound her to life. For the first time he was conscious of death as a personal issue. She must know that her time was nearly over.

How strange, he thought, to be alone in the depths of night, to feel light, shrunken, and so old, to fall asleep knowing that death had his finger on the latch, waiting to enter. Insensibly he quickened his pace and threw his head back, youth and strength bearing him forward, revolting against the moment of comprehension, unable to banish it.

It was something of a surprise when he arrived home that evening to find her seated placidly in the porch, her knitting in her thin knotted hands, and the wireless at full blast. "D'you never go to the dancing?" she asked, through the blaring of the music.

"No," said Gavin. "I haven't time," he added, not wishing her to suspect that he knew no one and hardly knew how to set about it.

"My, you're not like me," she said. "I was at the dancing three times a week when I was your age. Eh, it was great. After six lessons, the dancing teacher said there wasn't a thing more he could tell me." At the memory of the dancing she kicked her feet forward, one before the other. The movement was slight, but somehow amazingly suggestive of high-kicking and high spirits.

"We used to dance till midnight, then walk three miles home," she continued, "and never tired. But you're like m'husband, the booky type. I used to tell him that if I had been like him we'd both ha' been melancholy."

She laughed again on a high, hooting note, then was silent, her eyes fixed, gazing on the past.

"He was a quiet man. Dead these twenty years. Times I wish he was back. But I've got my own house, thanks be," she said, brightening again. "That I'll never give up. M'daughter begs me often and often to come here with her and Grove, but I won't."

"D'you live alone, then?" asked Gavin, his voice casual.

"I do, and like it."

She paused, then shook her head decisively. "I could be doing with m'daughter, but that Grove, now . . ." The unspoken comment on her son-in-law was scathing. "I'd better get his tea ready, just the same," she said, and made her way to the kitchen to continue her chores.

Gavin felt a lightening of the spirit. After all, he had been mistaken in supposing that she knew. It was clear that reality was as remote at eighty-four as at eighteen for all but the few whose eyes were opened, and he was glad of it. Not many, it seemed to him, were strong enough to endure the constant vision of mankind, suspended by its heels from the spinning globe, carried relentlessly to oblivion, all effort fruitless, ending in nothing.

His own awareness appeared now as a kind of sixth sense, the key to an extra dimension of experience. It appeared to him at the same time as a responsibility, for he feared to transmit his knowledge and despair to those who were less able to bear it.

This responsibility crystallised itself around the old woman, and he watched her with a kind of indulgence as she went about her business, wholly engrossed in the day's events, grumbling about her son-in-law, the weather and the price of vegetables. He was on guard against saying anything that would betray his pre-occupations, anxious that nothing should threaten the barrier of the common-place with which she had surrounded herself, and he found himself hoping that when her time came she would die in her sleep, knowing nothing.

"M'daughter's better," she said one evening. "She thinks she'll be home next week." Her voice was flat, and she seemed fussed.

"She's on at me again to give up m'house and come here to her. I've told her I'll stay till she's better, but I won't give up m'house. Anyway . . ." Here a note of reluctance, stubbornness, appeared in her voice. "Anyway, who's to say she won't go first? And then, where would I be? In Grove's house, with none of my own."

Gavin felt himself alienated. It was disagreeable that she should evidently find it easier to envisage her daughter's end than her own.

"Relatives are all right at times," she went on, "then again, not." She looked at him curiously. "Why don't *you* live at home?" she asked. "Where are your Ma and Pa?

"They're in India," said Gavin, not inviting further discussion.

"No Grandma?"

"She's dead."

"Is she, now?" said the old woman, interested. "What age was she when she died?"

"About seventy, I believe," said Gavin, wishing she would go.

"And your other grandmother?" she persisted.

"I never knew her. She died young."

"Then you don't come of a long-lived family," said the old woman with an unmistakable note of satisfaction in her voice.

"Oh, I don't know," said Gavin, nettled. "My other grandmother was killed in an accident. She didn't just die."

"My grandmother was ninety-two when she died, and my mother was ninety-eight," she said softly, not looking at him.

Suddenly he was furious. Her boasting, her imperviousness, made nonsense of his solicitude, and the tension of the past few weeks, his loneliness and confusion, broke in unreasoning hostility.

He was on his feet, facing her. "What difference does it make?" he said roughly. "A few years here or there. It's all the same in the end. It all comes to the same thing in the end. It can come any day. Death! D'you hear? Death!"

For a long moment they were silent. The old woman, rigid in the armchair, seemed small and shrunken, and her eyes, wide and empty, were fixed on his. She did not move, and Gavin stared at her, aghast. It seemed to him that he had given her to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and his guilt lay heavy on his breast. Abruptly he turned on his heel and left her.

The old woman, her mouth sagging a little, sat motionless when he had gone, then stirred uneasily, for her limbs felt heavy. She did not like his vehemence, nor the look in his eyes. She recalled that her daughter had been anxious about his health, and as she rose to put the kettle on the fire for tea, she sighed.

It seemed to her that he might not be long for this world.

MARGARET DICK

The Arts and Entertainment

LUISA MILLER

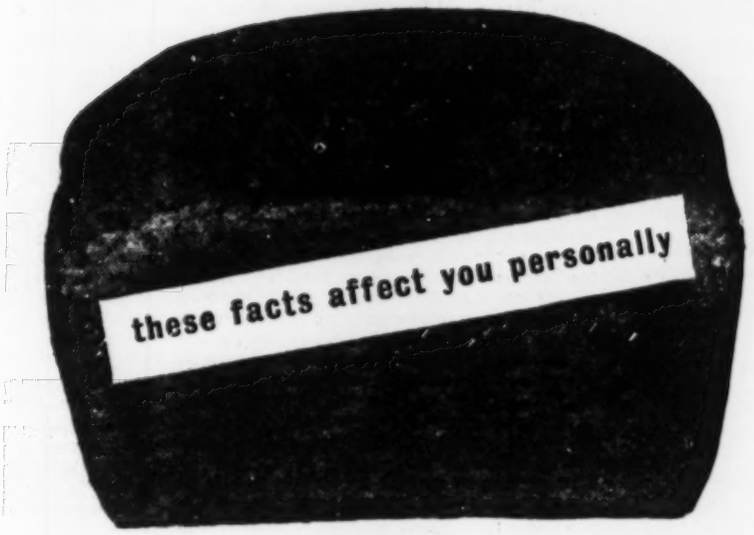
How handsomely Sadler's Wells treats us to Verdi: *Boccanegra*, *Falstaff*, *Don Carlo*—now *Luisa Miller*. This opera was an apt choice. True, there are more consistently powerful works among the pre-*Rigoletto* compositions: *Nabucco*, *Macbeth*, *Ernani*. But *Luisa Miller* is more intimate than these—no less passionate, but not at all "grand." Like *Falstaff*, it suits the small house. "A short, absorbing drama with plenty of passion, so that I shall be able to set it easily to music," was Verdi's request of his librettist; and Cammarano supplies just this in *Luisa Miller*, his skilled adaptation of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*.

Surprisingly, the Sadler's Wells programme makes no mention of Schiller. Yet *Kabale und Liebe* marks much the same point in the dramatist's career that *Luisa Miller* does in Verdi's. Like Verdi, Schiller "made his appearance as a man endowed with all the qualifications necessary to produce at once a strong effect on the multitude, as well as on nobler minds; and although a genius independent and boldly daring, he was nevertheless influenced in various ways by the models which he saw" (Schlegel). His early play, *Die Räuber*, is an extravagant melodramatic piece, influenced by Shakespeare; and *I Masnadieri*, Verdi's early opera based on it, is an extravagant, melodramatic composition, influenced by Meyerbeer. Like Schiller, Verdi attained later to greater subtlety of expression without losing the vitality of his youth. What Schlegel says of Schiller's *Don Carlos* applies with equal force to the music of *Don Carlo:* "In parts we observe a greater depth in the delineation of character; yet the old and tumid extravagance is not altogether lost, but merely clothed with choicer forms."

Luisa Miller marks the turning-point. Its weaknesses are plain to see. Melodies (the Wurm/Walter duet in Act II, for example) are often conventional: too readily Verdi drops into that easy-going triple time which seems to

BREAD

is our staple food



You now have a free choice of bread. Even if you're the most casual reader of newspapers, even if you glance only occasionally at a magazine, you've probably read the opinions of three or four different journalists on this subject, and as no two of them ever seem to think alike, you might wonder what all the arguing is about.

To understand the thing properly you have to start at the wheat which is the basis of bread, and to realise that the making of flour is not quite so simple as it looks. Even a single grain of wheat is not a simple thing—small though it is, it is made up of many different parts, some of which are better suited to the feeding of animals than to the nourishment of human beings. So the miller's job is not just to grind the wheat grains into powder, but to break them up in such a way that he can separate and sort the different parts. Each can then be used for the purpose to which it is best suited. Broadly speaking, the main constituents of a wheat grain are:

1

The starchy white kernel—the technical people call it endosperm—*which is the only part used in the manufacture of pure white flour.*

2

The bran, *which is composed of the six layers of skin on the grain. This is mostly used for the manufacture of animal feeding stuffs.*

3

The germ, *which might be compared with the yolk of an egg, for it is the embryo of new life. If the grain is sown in the ground it is the germ which will develop into the new plant. It is this part, incidentally, which contains a high proportion of the wheat's food value.*

The miller, then, has to separate these things from each other and make the flour in the way which he thinks will best please the baker and, more important, you who will buy and eat the bread. He mills the grain, in fact, according to any one of a number of standards and leaves the choice to you. These standards differ, but here are a few of them:

Pure white flour. The bran has gone. The germ has gone, too—and this is a pity, for with it have gone important elements of the wheat, and a very pleasant flavour. To make up for these dietary losses the flour may be "fortified" with vitamins and other nutrients, real or synthetic.

"National" flour. Some, but not all, of the bran and germ have gone. The loss of the bran worries some expert dieticians, pleases others, but they mostly agree that the low germ content is a disadvantage.

Wholemeal. Just what it sounds—the whole meal, or wheat berry, ground to a powder, with nothing added and nothing taken away.

Hovis flour. The bran has gone to do its most useful job, that of feeding the animals. The germ goes too, but only temporarily. At one point in its manufacture the flour is in its natural creamy state—unbleached of course—and then the important things start happening. The germ, which you remember contains so much of the wheat's natural goodness and flavour, is cooked by a special process to prevent deterioration; *it is then put back into the flour.* More than that, *many times more germ is added to make it richer still.*

Nature's Best

Well, it's going to be entirely up to you to choose your standard. Bread of any kind is a valuable food, possessing as it does, body building properties and providing abundant energy. We don't try to hide the fact that this announcement is made with the intention of influencing your choice—because we sincerely believe that nature's best is still the very best. But whatever you do, remember that bread is a staple part of your diet; choose carefully.

Hovis Limited OCTOBER, 1953.

generate thoughtless tunes. To use an unaccompanied quartet for the climax of Act II was an ambitious idea, but it fails in theatrical effect. Federica, Duchess of Ostheim, is a sadly inadequate character: in fact the whole court seems to move in an atmosphere of crudely motivated melodrama. No, the strength of *Luisa Miller* lies in Verdi's firm grasp of the central situation—Luisa's divided loyalty—and in the genuinely affecting music with which it is expressed. Wurm, Walter and Federica belong to the mechanics of the plot: the real characters are Luisa, her father and her beloved; and the preposterous action does not affect the validity of their emotions. The best scenes are those set in Miller's humble cottage; here Verdi has found music to express doubt, timid resolution, the complicated feelings of a girl who believes devoutly in God yet has determined on suicide—more subtle emotions than the jealous anger or passionate love of the earlier operas. The unhappy Luisa, faced with the alternative of renouncing her Rodolfo or allowing her father to die, foreshadows, in many a passage, Violetta and Aida.

No one should miss the Sadler's Wells production, for although—on first-night showing—the performance is not very thoughtful, it is commended by vigour and enthusiasm—considerable virtues. There was some fine, full-toned singing from Oreste Kirkop as Rodolfo; he also looked well and moved easily. Victoria Elliott sounded strained as the heroine. David Ward, in his first leading part (Walter), offered a good solid bass voice; his vast Commendatore-like frame will be impressive when he feels more at home on the stage. The sets are poor. Patrick Robertson has chosen to suggest Miller's home with open frames: how can we accept these as walls when vines twine round the supports, inside and out; when the chorus looks and at one point actually walks through them?

ANDREW PORTER

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The Political Quarterly
Great Turnstile - London - WC1

RENOIR

THE Renoir exhibition at the Tate is rather disappointing. The 45 paintings chosen do not give a fair idea of his stature as an artist. The four late sculptures are very impressive, but being the result of a remarkable collaboration between Renoir and Richard Guino—Renoir was by then too paralysed to model the clay himself—they are really something of a curiosity rather than direct evidence of Renoir's genuis. However, the show does include about half a dozen first-rate paintings, and Renoir is a sufficiently large figure for even his second-rate works to be interesting. It also includes examples from all periods of his life and so gives an opportunity of understanding the development of his art.

Renoir was the last great bourgeois artist. That is to say he was the last painter who was able to accept frankly bourgeois values of security, domesticity and leisure, and to make from these a confident art. The other Impressionists retreated from such concepts to emphasise the ephemeral and the casual. Bonnard, who in a different way tried to produce an art based on similar values to Renoir's, was forced to camouflage his intentions under cover of pure colour and pattern. Everything merges in nostalgic light. Bonnard is really a sort of urban Claude: a lost Arcadia lies beyond his french windows.

I know that to analyse art in this way is for many a heresy. Yet it is really so obvious. Look, for instance, at Renoir's *Woman seated at a Stove* or at his portrait of his small son Jean drawing at a table—two of the loveliest paintings in the exhibition. For all their difference of temperament and technique, these two pictures evoke an atmosphere essentially the same as that evoked by a Chardin. And Chardin was perhaps the first great bourgeois artist, reacting in his time against what had become the nostalgic aimlessness of aristocratic art. Nor does one argue like this simply to prove a Marxist point. It leads one through a host of current illusions to a truer understanding of the art in question. Because Renoir painted and so obviously enjoyed the female nude, it is often said that he is the sensuous, sexual artist *par excellence*. But this is only a half truth. Certainly in every one of his pictures, even in his landscapes and flower-pieces there is a voluptuous sexual awareness. But their mood is always—almost without exception—languid and drowsy. It is the aftermath of love that he paints—just as it is the dreamy aftermath of a secure culture of material comfort and private property that he represents historically. Think, for example, of the concept of love and security in the films that his son Jean was to make. In one generation one can see how the climate had to change.

Renoir's greatness lies in the fact that he so completely and so honestly derived from actual subjects and images, symbols to correspond to his view of life: thus, the solid truth he discovered in them will remain meaningful long after the values imposed upon him by his class and time have come to seem one-sided. This brings us to an understanding of Renoir's development as an artist. One can see why he had to discard his early Courbet-like style which implied an austerity alien to his ideal of ease; how impressionism first offered him a way of communicating his sensuous delight but later began to destroy the substance of it; how Raphael, Cézanne and the draughtsman's discipline of Ingres showed him that only by the careful, patient study of Nature could he find the equilibrium, the peacefulness that could express his belief in sensuous comfort; how finally he was able to achieve—perhaps without realising the significance of it himself—a true synthesis of the inevitable contradictions of his attitude—how in his later paintings he literally dissolved the outlines of the world in order to extend and make timeless the brief moment of physical contentment, of well-being without further desire.

At the Beaux Arts gallery Halina Korn is showing some paintings, drawings and terra-cottas. Normally I have little sympathy with "Primitives" but Miss Korn seems to me a genuine poetess, whose directness delightfully sabotages her sophistication. I recommend her show.

JOHN BERGER

A NEW CHOREOGRAPHER

WALTER GORE has of a sudden come before the big public as a choreographer, having already appeared in this role before the small public for some time. For his own company, now dancing at the Prince's, he has composed ten ballets, and now the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet has asked him to re-set his new ballet *Carte Blanche*. There is no doubt that Mr. Gore's light and gently humorous pieces are far better than his serious ones. *Hoops*, *Light Fantastic* and *Street Games* are all sound as far as their construction goes, and given a better presentation by more polished dancers—and this is what Mr. Gore must concentrate on now that he has his repertoire—these ballets would have a great success. As it is they possess a faint air of anxiety, which gradually grips the watcher as he wonders whether the ball, the hoop or the chair will be safely caught or fumblingly dropped. In one way Mr. Gore is wise to employ all these props, for to some degree they cover up the lack of technical brilliance in his company. But for a satisfactory performance the dancers must be rehearsed and rehearsed till every object is twirled and held with the dead certainty of a juggler. *Mr. Punch* is another good ballet with a gay red, white and blue decor by Ronald Wilson. Here Mr. Gore uses the stylised, grotesque movement for which he has such talent, and the opening scene between Punch, Judy and Toby is as amusing as it is macabre. At the finish he mistakenly avoids the triumph of moral justice, which so rightly ends this ghastly tale, and therefore the ballet closes on an anti-climax. The whole of the last half should be made more concise and more sinister, for the story of Mr. Punch is one of the grimmest and best thrillers ever written. It is probably the only case in which murder has been turned into a successful joke.

If only there was more dancing and less tomfoolery, *Carte Blanche* would be a nice ballet to see. As it stands one is left with a desperate thirst for the flow of movement, a longing for one moment of lyrical rhythm, such as Frederick Ashton designs. The subject is well worn: a circus, with each set of characters doing its own turn. Some of these turns are so full of the Gore charm and the Gore invention that they are irresistible; others are broken up by the dancers dashing off and bursting back on to the stage with abrupt unreason. On the other hand, in the *romanza*, the clever and ravishing Margaret Hill and her partner twine themselves in a series of slow embraces out of which it seems they will never, never emerge. Kenneth Rowall's drop scene and costumes are perfect and John Addison's music full of amusing tricks—amusing the first time. It is altogether a curious mixture, yet long winded and disjointed as it is, this addition to the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet's repertoire is of interest and amusement value. One extraordinary feature of the evening's entertainment was John Lanchbery's musical interpretation of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, Act II. I have never before heard such braying brass or such emphatic *um-pom-poms* as disgraced this conducting.

The serious ballets given by the company are not on a level with the comic ones. *Tancredi and Clorinda* and *Cyclasm* should, in fact, be quickly removed from the repertoire. The first, despite furious battles and passionate love, is conceived in an intense slow motion, quite remarkable for stamina and boredom; the second is one of those turgid, bottoms-up ballets, in which a great deal of time and energy is spent by dancers on the floor with gloomy faces.

Antonia is like *Crucifix* in that it has an excellent middle scene with a bad beginning and end. Rafael's groaning violation of his Antonia seems curiously dull, considering what heights of emotion Walter Gore and Paula Hinton put into their respective parts. But the chase in the carnival scene, with the leering menace of the masquers, is both exciting and desperate.

In the Ballet Español at the Stoll, Pilar Lopez, the star and choreographer, has devised ballets in the different styles of provincial Spanish dancing. She does not show great talent and the best numbers are purely traditional. For herself Senorita Lopez is professional—professional through and through to the timing of a nod or a curtain call. But such professionalism cannot make up for the lack of that resilience and sparkle which, besides the intricate, unerring foot-beats, give such zest to Spanish dancing. The men are the backbone of this company: if not first rate, they are all quite good, quite lively and quite handsome.

ANNABEL FARJEON

THE MOVIES

"Rome, 11 o'clock," at Studio One
"Ride, Vaquero!" at the Empire
"Background," at the Leicester Square

The famous Albert Hall echo is nothing to that which attends the least happening in films. Does the *Titanic* sink? Then be sure the fate of the *Lusitania* is sealed. Has one bullet mewed? Mewing bullets will overwhelm us. Volcanoes erupting, psychoanalysts jumping off top floors, sewer hunts, ill-disposed strangers from Mars, and husky singers in basements never come singly. So the falling staircase in *Rome, 11 o'clock* has fallen before, the cowboy again bows a head before the march of time in *Ride, Vaquero!* and *Background* frankly derives from a play and gives back every creaking footboard.

As to that falling staircase—which really did fall, it appears, one unhappy morning—its reality now is at too many removes. Leisurely indeed are our approaches to it, and unconvincing as musical comedy. The film eye opens on a girl in the dawn outside locked gates; she might be a waif in a Chaplin fantasy except that we should await for ever the advent of boots-and-cane. What does arrive quite soon is another girl, and another, and then—this being a De Santis film—200 girls. Most of them carry a folded newspaper with a small ad. marked, in case we shouldn't guess they are queueing up for a job. They wait. We wait. Unemployment, we gather, is terrible, but this is mitigated considerably by female star-shine. Why must they fritter away their hours for nothing except the wild hope of typing for a dubious accountant, when at the studios they could do the same all day and get paid for it?

However, in Rome on this hapless morning, many an irresistible girl who has never heard of the films sets her heart on accountancy. At last the gates open, the staircase—one of those thriller staircases tiered round a well—is packed, the interviews begin, and desperation soon shows its head. You never heard such tales of woe; never, probably, have you heard or seen such typing; one exponent, at once known as the "Machine Gun," rattles off a letter at quite amazing speed, using, apparently, two fingers. Then there's a fracas on the stairs and they give: 200 girls more or less are flung down. Fire-ladders, ambulances, hospital, newspaper fuss, police inquiry, bits and pieces of story, and then late at night back to the locked gates where the original waif is settling down all over again. Next morning perhaps 500 girls will turn up and M.G.M. will take over and the whole block will fall down.

Three men, one would have said, made *Rome, 11 o'clock*: an old hand at pot-boiling with girls in trouble, a documentarist of sensation, and an artist who can, when he likes, fling out an observation of startling beauty. All three are De Santis. This time the artist confines himself to a couple of sequences.

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Though stereotyped in the new Western style, with pretentious dialogue and a fatalism more neat than ominous, *Ride, Vaquero!* has some pleasant landscape and a first-class villain in Anthony Quinn. He drinks and roars and claps on the shoulder better than anyone has drunk and roared and clapped on the shoulder for many a long month. One thing about this kind of film—which certainly isn't to be avoided when it comes round to the local—is that it does sometimes give an actor a chance to enjoy his fling.

The same could hardly be said by the most fervent admirer of *Background*, our own little Group 3 film. This is a piece of smug sentiment about the unfairness of divorce on the children. No one enjoys any sort of fling here, except perhaps the author of it all who has handed out a rifle to a small boy with instructions to wing the cuckoo in the nest at the right last moment. This without fail he does, and so brings events to a boisterously happy close.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THIS is the season of the year when the B.B.C. reversing the order of nature, puts forth new buds. One very promising growth, luxuriant now after the summer pruning, is the treatment of current affairs. It was imaginative surely to put on unscripted discussions, with recorded excerpts from speeches, each evening after the Party conferences at Margate, even though the speakers did not succeed in lifting the discussions much above a pretty commonplace party level. The old series, of course, continue: in *The World Today* Mr. Leonard Miall, talking from America, gave a fascinating account of the effect of the United States grain surplus on the political opinions of American farmers, and on the position of the administration: something I don't recall having come across in the newspapers I see, though I should have thought his description of the extraordinary security precautions taken to protect the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture when talking to farmers was an obviously good news-story.

But what I have found particularly interesting has been to compare the treatment one specific issue receives in the Home Service with that accorded to it in the Third. Miss Sibyl Eyre Crowe talked on *Morocco: The Real Issue* in the Third; in the Home Mr. Colin Wills reported, in *The Crisis in Morocco*, on a recent visit to that country, presented in the form of a feature-programme with illustrative recordings. Now I assume that very few people in England have any knowledge of the Moroccan situation and only very few more any burning interest, and I should guess this to be as generally true for listeners to the Third as to Home. The assumption, at any rate, should surely be the starting-off point for any programme on the subject whatever the service broadcast in. I am bound to say that if I had switched on to Miss Eyre Crowe from a vague sense of good will instead of in the way of duty I would not have endured more than five minutes. Her delivery was that of the lecturer rather than of the talks broadcaster, and in the writing of her script, like many other dons—if that dirty word may be forgiven—one listens to in the Third, she had plainly not felt herself persuaded by her producer that radio demands a treatment of material quite different from that of a lecture.

Half-way through her talk, it struck me that, except in the vaguest way, I had no notion of what a *caid* was or what his function might be. This is doubtless appalling, but references to these men were rather frequent. The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* does not include the word, and the *Shorter Oxford* refers you to *alcayde*, which it defines as the "governor of a fortress, the warden of a prison," neither of which seemed to make sense in Miss Eyre Crowe's context. Mr. Wills told me what a *caid* was, and for this alone he would get marks from me. His programme, as information and elucidation, was very good indeed—and after all, Miss Eyre Crowe's talk had given me some means of checking its content. Mr. Wills seemed to me as objective as it's humanly possible to be. He was plainly impressed by the achievements of the French; and his recordings were excellent. We had the official view of the situation from General Guillaume himself, and, to end the programme, an interview with two leaders of the banned Nationalist Party. The only weakness, it seemed to me, was that Mr. Wills found no room for any expression of opinion on the situation from inside France; one would have liked to hear the views of someone associated with M. Mauriac, for instance.

Miss Joanna Richardson's feature programme, *Piazza di Spagna*, I thought failed because of divided aims. As a picture, derived from letters, memoirs and so on, of the English tourist in Rome round about 1820, it was amusing enough: there were the British, haughty as ever, beefing like so many Smolletts about the iniquities of the damn' dagoes and turning a corner of Rome into as close an imitation as might be of Bath. But then, in the middle of it all, the programme changed and became an account of the death of Keats. The counterpoint didn't work, and one was left with a sense of fatal incongruity in the programme, its material, and the styles used by the actors.

WILLIAM SALTER

The Paganini Quartet, in the Victoria and Albert Museum

One of the most affecting chapters in Paganini's life is the period spent in Marseilles in 1839. The violinist was ill, dying, pressed by an unjust lawsuit; and writing almost daily to his friend Germi to send to him instruments. There was an element of speculation in this: there was also the wish to collect four Stradivari, and play Beethoven's quartets. "We will play you Beethoven's last quartet . . . I have completed my set of four Stradivari . . . You will be delighted, I hope, with the last four quartets of Beethoven. My heart is in need of comfort." The Paganini Quartet, in their recital last Sunday, used four Stradivari which had belonged to the virtuoso while he comforted himself playing Beethoven's chamber music with three amateurs in a Marseilles lodging. At the same time, emotional background apart, the most clear-headed and unromantic listener could recognise that this was some of the best, and perhaps the very best, chamber playing that London has heard since the war. The Paganini do not have the brusqueness of the post-war Busch and Budapest Quartets. Their tone is beautiful—more beautiful, because less flute-like, than that of the New Italians. In the G major Quartet of Op. 18, the test of elegance, their chording ravished the ear. Op. 130 showed the profundity and seriousness of their interpretation. Modern string quartets seem so often to offer us intelligent readings but harsh tone and rough bowing; or sweet tone in readings that are structurally limp. But the Paganini Quartet reminded me of the Pro Arte's or Lener's best records: power, grace and *Klangschönheit* are theirs. There are still two concerts left in their Beethoven cycle, on Sunday and Tuesday.

A. P.

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Correspondence

TOO DEAR TO EAT

SIR,—Mrs. Castle, although writing about *food* uses the F.A.O. figures for *agriculture*. Perhaps she does not know that this includes industrial crops such as cotton, wool, rubber and linen. By including these inedible substances in her figures she gets that 2 per cent. increment in production upon which her complacency about world food supplies, and her half-veiled invitation to throw British farming overboard, are based. The increment in food crops is not 2, but 1 per cent. and is barely abreast of, probably slightly behind that of population increase. The whole of Mrs. Castle's argument is based on false premises.

The F.A.O. report in fact shows a great fall in food output per head everywhere except in the U.S., Europe and the Near East. The Near Eastern position looks fine, but it should be considered in the light of the fact that whereas before the war this region exported half a million tons of grain annually, it now *imports* rather more. In short, largely due to Turkish successes the region has raised its standard of living by consuming more of its own product. This will be the tendency wherever formerly backward or mainly agrarian nations industrialise and modernise their culture. The tendency entails a loss of food for those countries who must import it.

Of Europe (excluding the Communist countries, but the recently published figures for the Soviet region show production of many foods, notably meat and dairy produce, below *1914* levels), Mrs. Castle writes: *West Europe has increased her agricultural production between 10 per cent. and 20 per cent. . . . while her population has increased only 10 per cent.* Quite so; but she is supposed to be writing about *food*, not agriculture. The F.A.O. figures are, Pop. inc. 11 per cent. Food prod. inc. 12 per cent. Food prod. per head inc. 1 per cent. But the position is not really as good as this, for the figures include the United Kingdom. Now the population of the U.K. has increased, in the time under discussion, by less than 6 per cent.; but her food production has increased by the staggering figure of 50 per cent. (The figure of 51 per cent. often quoted includes the wool clip.) If these figures were extracted from those for the rest of Europe, I believe it would appear that the European food output per head has fallen by several per cent.

At the time of writing, a study of the food available to various populations, in calory terms, and at retail level, shows the U.K. figure, per head, as 3,098. This is midway on a list with India at the bottom (no figures for China) and Ireland at the top. Seeing that U.K. is at the middle of the list, and that our state of health seems to show that we are now an

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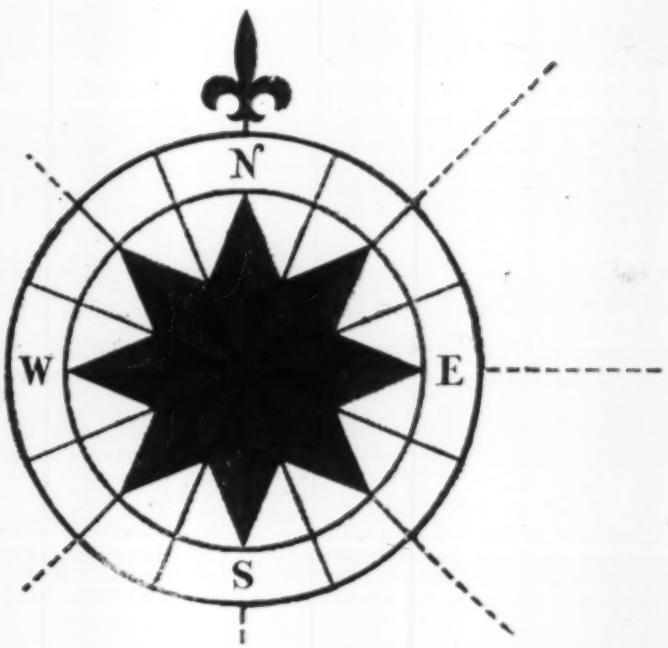

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adequately fed nation, but no more than that, it is reasonable to deduce that all those countries with a lower figure are under-nourished. These include Holland and France, as well as the Far East, and Africa does not appear in the list. I believe it is fair to conclude that more than half the world's population is under-nourished, that millions are actually starving, and that other millions are suffering from numerous deficiency diseases due to inadequate and wrong diet. I believe that any country which fails to do its utmost to grow its own food, and stop drawing on world supplies, is guilty of criminal irresponsibility. And I believe that this is what Mrs. Castle, in effect, is advocating.

High prices: prices are high either because production is costly, or because purses are lean. British farming is less efficient than that of Holland, Denmark and Belgium, but more efficient than any other in the world; by efficient I mean in getting crop-per-acre by modern methods. Production costs could probably be lowered if capitalisation of the industry were increased. I have argued that case elsewhere. But if prices of food are "high," it is simply because, relative to what food costs to grow, industrial wages are low. For over a century we have been used to buying food at an entirely misleading price—dumped surpluses, subsidised overseas farming, semi-slave labour in the Colonial territories, and "exploitation" farming. Now we have to pay the real price—by which I mean a price which will produce the maximum of food and which will support the workers and managements in agriculture at the same standard of living as their fellow-citizens in industry. The British cereal grower receives less for his product than the wheat exporter selling to Britain; yet, in the U.S. case at least, that exporter is subsidised. Our cheap loaf depends partly on the American tax-payer forking out the difference between what it costs American farmers to grow wheat, and what the British will pay for it.

If the wage earner cannot afford adequate food at present prices, then it is Mrs. Castle's urgent business to do something about getting his wages increased. If she looks closely into the figures she will find that agricultural wages are no longer a considerable factor in our cost of living. But if they were, it is sound economy to base wages and prices in secondary industries on those which give a reasonable standard of living in primary ones. Our food prices, Mrs. Castle says, have been rising in a world where elsewhere they are falling. True, but from what starting points? Food prices in Britain were subsidised to be, relative to the standard of living, the lowest in the world. They are no longer so subsidised and will therefore tend to reach the high level which obtains elsewhere. There are two ways of getting them down relative to the nation's ability to afford them: by restoring subsidies, or by raising industrial wages. Why does not Mrs. Castle look into the question of our industrial efficiency? It might appear—shocking Socialism this—that the workers are not getting a fair share of the product of industry; and that British industry is less efficient than it ought to be.

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash, Kent.

AFTER MARGATE

SIR,—What a pity you have failed to grasp the real significance of Margate! My own conclusions, confirmed in conversations with trade union and Party delegates and leaders, are as follows:

First, the class-conscious section of the Movement (loosely labelled the "Left") can no longer look to the Bevanites on the N.E.C. for leadership in the fight for a full Socialist policy. There can be no doubt that they have moved to the "middle of the road" and are now voluntary prisoners of their Right-wing colleagues in the name of (to quote Aneurin Bevan) "unity at all costs"—presumably even at the expense of Socialist principles.

Secondly, and more important, this initiative abdicated by the Bevanites is being increasingly taken up in the unions. It is significant that amendments favouring public ownership of engineering and the "Plan" which inspired them were the work, not of "wild men" from the constituency parties, but of the Confederation itself, whose rank-and-file, moreover, forced a seconding speech from a leader whose personal opposition was painfully obvious!

This is the real lesson of a tame Conference—that, as the economic crisis deepens, trade union policies are moving more and more to the Left, that increasingly it is to the unions and especially the progressive unions such as A.E.S.D., A.E.U., N.U.P.E., and the Chemical Workers that we must look for a Socialist initiative, and that the rank-and-file membership is conscious of its new pace-making role—held for the first time since 1926.

C. V. FLETCHER

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Nottingham.

SIR,—The official Labour view now endorsed at Margate, is that Formosa should be neutralised for a period, and that Britain should be prepared to contribute to an international force to maintain its neutrality. This means that, should the Chinese attempt to occupy the island (which was awarded to China by the Cairo Declaration of 1943) we should find ourselves at war with them.

It is of course envisaged in the new statement of policy that after this period of neutralisation the people of Formosa shall be allowed to decide their own destiny. But while Formosa is neutralised—i.e., under anti-Communist control—there will be little chance for the Formosans to form a balanced opinion on the merits of union with the Communist mainland. Anti-Communist influences are bound to predominate, and I have no doubt that ambitious and self-seeking "leaders" will be found who will advocate an independent Formosa (which will be liberally supplied with dollars to make it "a bastion of democracy"). And so we shall have the island duly established as a perpetual provocation to Peking, and a permanent poisoner of the peace.

It would have been as well if Labour's leaders, before committing themselves to this sort of thing, had ascertained the trend of enlightened opinion in the other Asiatic countries. I remember a TV discussion on China some time ago, in which Mr. Krishna Menon compared the idea of Formosa as a nation with a claim of nationhood for Yorkshire! I do not think the people of Asia generally will relish the possibility of Formosa becoming a watch-tower of the West to see that Asians behave themselves.

H. F. MAYBANK

93 Paines Lane,
Pinner, Middlesex.

SPANISH TRIALS

SIR,—It has been a matter of grave disquiet to observers of the Spanish scene to note the increase of persecution of Spanish trade unionists and democrats which has paralleled the concluding stages of the now formally signed bilateral military pact between America and Franco Spain.

Equally disquieting has been the action of Spanish Consular officials in Britain in refusing to grant visas both to myself and Councillor William McLuckie, Chairman of the Wallyford Labour Party, who, together with an interpreter, were to have journeyed to Madrid on September 6 last to make representations to the Spanish authorities on behalf of a number of political prisoners of whom details are available in Britain.

An application for a visa was in my case immediately rejected by the Consular section of the Spanish Embassy in London with a statement to the effect that such application would have to be forwarded to the Ministry in Madrid with "the consequent delay." In the case of Councillor McLuckie, an already granted visa was withdrawn by Glasgow Consular officials with the explanation that "some difficulties" had arisen. Councillor McLuckie was subsequently informed verbally that the Ministry in Madrid refused permission for a visa to be granted him.

Those for whom representations were to have been made included prisoners of varying political opinions. Prominent among them were Gregorio Lopez Raimundo, General Secretary of the United Socialist Party of Catalonia, and Ramon Porqueras, Spanish Socialist leader who, together with others, was arrested in February last. One of this group, Tomas Centeno, has been tortured to death by Madrid security police.

May I make a most urgent appeal to liberal and democratically minded people in Britain to intensify their efforts to save the lives and secure the liberty of those opponents of the Franco dictatorship who are undergoing such cruel persecution?

LEAH MANNING

Willow Cottage,
Hatfield Broadoak, Herts.

TEACHERS' PAY

SIR,—That the N.U.T. does in practice press hard for equal pay is clear from the history of Burnham negotiations.

Increasing intransigence, including refusal of improved but unequal scales, culminated in 1939 with a *démarche* renouncing the hard-won Burnham procedure. The war halted this move. In 1944 the N.U.T. was induced to hold its hand by the promise of a Royal Commission. In 1948 only a declaration by the Chancellor averted a complete breach. In 1951 assurances of action "in the lifetime of the present Parliament" barely prevented a breakdown, even after the equivalent of arbitration. In

THE TOWN-CLERK'S TALE

More than a century ago, in the days when divorce was only possible by special act of parliament, there was (as we have read) a town-clerk whose marriage was unsatisfactory. In the course of duty he had to promote a long and complicated waterworks-bill for the borough; and after a rather inattentive house had passed the measure and the royal assent had been bestowed, a particularly tortuous clause was found to contain the irrelevant yet potent words, "And the marriage of the town-clerk is hereby dissolved." Thus strangely was domestic peace restored to the town-clerk: but the ingenious official builded better than he knew, for when in time he died and a new clerk took his place it was held that the clause ensured celibacy to his successors also; and the post was much sought after, as a stepping stone to happiness, by municipal lawyers tired of matrimony.

Investors in St. Pancras Building Society never divorce their wives, but none the less they do resemble the town-clerk rather strikingly: because in helping themselves they greatly help others too. They receive a fair dividend (two-and-three-quarter per cent. per annum, free of tax), they can withdraw their savings easily when they wish, and they are not worried by fluctuations in capital value: but what matters more is the fact that their money is continuously employed for a useful social purpose, and that it gives practical and timely aid to one homeseeker after another.

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1952 a revolt against unequal cost-of-living additions led by the N.U.T. men of London was so serious as to foreshadow the end of Burnham. The point was that, but for the tie to Burnham, the London teachers could have secured equal pay.

In the present negotiations (1953–54) a quarter of the whole proceedings was monopolised by the teachers' persistent pressure for equal pay. Determined negotiation exposed the attitude of certain Authorities' representatives without possibility of further equivocation. It was made abundantly clear that the N.U.T. attack must now be concentrated on all Local Government representatives who evade the declared policy of their respective Parties on the principle of equal pay.

DAN DIXON

11 Bywater Street, S.W.3.

SNAP ANSWER

SIR,—Critic's quotation in the penultimate paragraph of the London Diary in your issue of October 3 is from *The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley. It appears on page 2 in the 2nd impression of Vol. II published by A. Constable & Co. of London, in 1903. It is at the opening of Wolseley's interesting account of the war with China in 1860. Whether he formed the conclusion in this paragraph in 1903 or earlier I don't know—he later, as I suppose you remember, served in Canada and visited both the Federal and Confederate Armies engaged in the Civil War.

I think I jolly well deserve a free air mail subscription for a year for showing a knowledge of military history far in excess of anything the *N.S. & N.* believes possible in a professional soldier.

ALEXANDER BRODIE

H.B.M. Legation, Korea.

VOCABULARY OF POLITICS

SIR,—I must reply briefly to the two letters attacking my review of Mr. Weldon's book. First Mr. Parsons. As a humble disciple of Freud, I know, of course, that I either missed Mr. Weldon's point because I did not like it or didn't miss it but was too frightened of it to admit it. But that also applies to Mr. Parsons: what is sauce for me and Mr. Weldon is sauce for Mr. Parsons and me. For instance, take his first paragraph. I did not say or imply that Mr. Weldon was attempting to convert anyone. I was dealing with his own statement that many people might think what he said shocking, because it would induce people to lose their political faith.

Mr. Parsons' second paragraph seems to me to contain the same confusion of thought and language which I was criticising in Mr. Weldon. It is confusion of thought and language to say that anyone who has held or holds that democracy is "right" is also maintaining that there are "incontestable foundations" for democracy. To say that democracy is right is, or may be, merely to say that it is a means to certain ends which we judge to be good. I cannot see that this is in any way different from saying, as Mr. Parsons does, that it is "a tolerably good way of organising ourselves in society." Personally I agree with Mr. Parsons' definition; what I object to is his and Mr. Weldon's muddled idea that such a definition explodes all previous political thinkers or that it does not rest upon propositions which can neither be proved nor disproved. It is noticeable that Mr. Parsons does not attempt to deal with my particular criticisms.

Mr. Wollheim does. 1. Mr. Wollheim cannot frighten me by just accusing me of either deliberate dishonesty or elementary ignorance. I repeat that it is a confusion of thought and language to say, in Mr. Weldon's context, that a proposition that cannot be proved to be either true or false must be meaningless.

2. I do not agree with Mr. Weldon that Marxism "is based on the view that 'everything is matter'" and there is nothing in my review to imply that I did.

3. I did not "scold" Mr. Weldon. The book was sent by Mr. Weldon's publishers for review and by the editor to me to review it. The book is extremely critical of the use of words by all previous political thinkers. Surely it was legitimate for me to criticise the extremely loose way in which Mr. Weldon himself uses words.

4. If Mr. Wollheim will re-read my review, he will see that I never "talked of Mr. Weldon's 'objection to democracy.'" I was summarising the "objection" (the word is his own) stated by him on page 97, namely, that the statements of its foundations are not statements at all—another example of Mr. Weldon's use of words which I find disturbing.

I note that neither of my two critics has a word to say of my criticism in the last two paragraphs of my review.

Monk's House, Rodmell, Lewes, Sussex. LEONARD WOOLF

CLUBLAND HEROES

SIR,—I would give "Sapper" even more inches than your correspondent Mr. N. C. Humber. I believe his height was 6 feet.

During a lengthy residence in Switzerland I collaborated with him in several dramatic productions. I enclose a photograph of one of these. Col. McNeile (Sapper) is standing third from the left, and can be seen to be the tallest man on the stage.

I couldn't imagine anyone less likely to suffer from any form of inferiority complex. The youngest Colonel in the British Army during the first World War, he sprang into fame as an author with his first book, (not a Bulldog Drummond), had a long and successful run with a play written for Gerald du Maurier, was a brilliant actor and producer. It was generally conceded that, had he chosen the theatre as a career, he would have been in the front rank.

The Little House, Angmering-on-Sea. F. M. COMPTON

[The photograph accompanying Mr. Compton's letter proves his point. Far from being "a near-dwarf," Sapper is revealed as a man of tall and distinguished bearing—certainly a good head higher than our reviewer.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS

SIR,—I am very much hoping that you will allow me to correct a blunder in my *Jane Austen's Novels*, which was reviewed in the September 19 issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION; for, in blundering, I have done a grave injustice to one of the most eminent of contemporary critics, Professor David Daiches. Three or four years ago, Professor Daiches published in the *American Scholar* an essay called "Jane Austen, Karl Marx, and the Aristocratic Dance." It was, as the very title suggests, a spoof. But, with an opacity which I cannot begin to forgive in myself, I read the article straightforwardly and so was irritated to find Professor Daiches writing such things as, Jane Austen was "the only English novelist of stature who was in a sense a Marxist before Marx." This phrase—and others—I quoted or alluded to in *Jane Austen's Novels*, having attached quite the wrong weight to them. I am deeply sorry, and I should like to be able to say so in public.

ANDREW H. WRIGHT

The Ohio State University.

SCHOOL DISARMAMENT

SIR,—"This England" doesn't change. Last week you quoted from the *Daily Mail* a report that "Head teachers in Nottinghamshire are to be asked to discourage pupils from taking knives to school." Manchester Free Grammar School in Tudor times had a statute which read:

> *Item:* no Scholar being at School wear any daggar, hanger, or other weapon invasive, nor bring into the School, staff or bat, except their meat knife.

Welwyn Garden City. PAMELA DALTON

TANGANYIKA

SIR,—In writing of racial representation in Tanganyika for your issue of September 26 I made a mistake for which I should like to apologise. Parity of representation is not yet introduced, as I wrote: it will be introduced, other things being equal, within the next four years.

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The New Statesman and Nation, October 10, 1953

Books in General

"THE educated public in general has accepted Hopkins as . . . the greatest of Victorian poets . . ." Has it, now? How often does it open its Browning, its Tennyson, or its Arnold? Is it right? And is Mr. James Reeves right when, introducing his popular selection of Hopkins's poetry,* he tells us also that "the very qualities which would have prevented public recognition in Hopkins's lifetime, and which called forth Bridges's censure in the preface of 1918, are those which delight readers of today and make the year 1875 the most important date in twentieth-century poetry."? The "very qualities"? The "oddity," the "obscurity," the "mannerism"? The rhyming of "boon he on" with "communion"? The omission of the relative pronoun, so that the line—

Squander the hell-rooks sally to molest him—

cannot be read aloud so as to show that it is not two successive imperatives? Are these flaws, which Bridges thought he discovered in Hopkins's style, indeed Hopkins's great contribution to the poetry of our own day—obscure grammar and bad rhymes? And is the year 1875, the year of the composition of the *Deutschland*, *really* the most important date in twentieth-century poetry? What about the year of *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, the year of *The Waste Land*, the year of *The Tower*? Yeats and Mr. Pound and Mr. Eliot are three great modern poets who would have written as they do if Gerard Manley Hopkins had never existed.

Hopkins is a great poet, but we are doing his greatness a service, really, when we try to set such claims in perspective. When we call a man "the greatest" poet of his age, what, really, do we claim for him? I think, three things. He must be, at least potentially and at his best, a supreme artist in verse—and he must be at his best often enough to make us feel that the supreme moments are not a fluke (thus Wordsworth often writes less well than he can, writes drably and prosily, but we do not feel, as with Coleridge, that his supreme moments are something quite different in kind from his average level, an intoxication or a grace). He must have either range or depth of human sympathy (the odd poet, like Shakespeare, who has both, is so exceptional that we can leave him out of the argument). Finally, in relation to his age, and what worries his age, he must be representative.

Now, Hopkins is a great and original but not, I think, except at rather rare moments, a supreme artist in verse. Like Milton and Wordsworth, he has depth rather than range of human sympathy; but that depth does not show itself, as in Wordsworth, through an exploration of the general workings of the human mind; nor, as in Milton, through a dramatic embodiment of universal passions. It shows itself mainly in Hopkins's grasp of his own predicament: and so far as he cannot get away from himself in verse, he is obviously less great than Milton or Wordsworth. Finally, is he at all representative? The properly representative Victorian poems are those in which doubt argues with itself—*In Memoriam, Rugby Chapel, Bishop Blougram's Apology*. For the typical Victorian poet or sage, the great problem was how to square the acceptance of a morality (and of hopes and fears and pieties) based on traditional Christianity with a recognition that traditional Christian doctrines were not literally true. For Hopkins, as for Newman, they *were* literally true. Hopkins may attract us more than Tennyson (for all Tennyson's splendid art and sensitive, profound melancholy); Newman may talk to us like a gentleman where Carlyle rants at us like a rogue. For all that, the Victorian age does remain brutally that of Carlyle and Tennyson. They had grasped the nettle; they knew what the trouble was about. It would be as silly to call a book about Victorian poetry "The Age of Hopkins" as to call a book about the age of Wordsworth "The Age of Blake." (Dr. W. H. Gardner, in the excellent introduction to his Penguin Hopkins selection, which came into my hands after the bulk of this article had been written, has a sentence which readers may find a useful corrective both to my carpings and to Mr. Reeves's extravagances: "If we consider quality before quantity . . . it is perhaps truer to say that Hopkins is one of our lesser *great* poets than to say, with the late Desmond MacCarthy, that he is one of our great *lesser* poets.")

The most controversial statement I have made in that paragraph is about Hopkins's art in verse. I am, as I have said, quite certain that the "qualities . . . which called forth Bridges's censure" are *not* those which, in Hopkins's poetry, specially "delight us today." They are, on the contrary, qualities we put up with for the sake of other qualities—in particular, for the sake of Hopkins's intense, individuating vision. We may, of course, be much more sympathetic than Bridges was with what he called Hopkins's "mannerism"—with the strained, baroque imagery of phrases like "as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet" or "the Holy Ghost with warm breast and with ah! bright wings." Bridges, with his oddly priggish and chilly semi-Christianity no doubt objected to the phrase about the Holy Ghost partly because it treats the Holy Ghost as—something more than a phrase. Yet that "ah!" *is* embarrassing; we think of Bernini and Crashaw, of the "Jesuit style," of the formalised gesture—not necessarily fundamentally insincere, but certainly not naturally English—of ecstatic devotion. We say to ourselves, "No doubt it would be all right in Italian!" The phrase about the stallion is, certainly, a kind of condensation we today much more readily admire, hills (it is a simile about hills) are as strong as horses, big-boned or rock-based yet graceful, and they are also, in the play of light and shade over them, in their half-reality at a distance, as delicate as violets. But if we could think of some sense in which strong horses are themselves as delicate as violets, we might accept the simile more wholeheartedly still; and a poem built wholly out of such paradoxes *would* be affected.

There is in fact a quite simple way of seeing that neither of these phrases which Bridges censured is properly in "the grand style." Let us set them against "touchstones"—from Milton, from Wordsworth, from Hopkins himself:

> Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
> Doing or suffering. . . .
>
> My former thoughts returned; the fear that kills
> And hope that is unwilling to be fed. . . .
>
> Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
> With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.

The "grand style" touches us with a tremendous compressed simplicity and directness. Hopkins is capable of it, and there surely his greatness as a rhetorician lies (I am not talking about his greatness as a visionary), and not in what Bridges called his "mannerism."

Bridges should not have indulged in such minute criticism; he should have left it to young scholars now, when Hopkins's reputation is firmly established, and when the pointing out of such flaws—they are real flaws—can do Hopkins no harm. And in the end, of course, Bridges did himself harm. We think of him (quite wrongly) as the cold, patronising pedant who failed to recognise how much greater his friend was than himself. The odd thing is that Bridges himself was a more adventurous, a more widely ranging technical innovator than Hopkins—though a less fortunate one. English quantitative hexameters are much harder to write than sprung rhythm. Sprung rhythm, indeed, once you have got the basic idea—bounce along on the bumps—is almost too easy to write; the metrical accent mechanically coincides with the rhetorical accent. That is why Hopkins's rhetorical technique, when he writes in sprung rhythm, is specially suited to what Bridges called "emphasis and euphony"—but is not suited to hesitations, qualifications, nuances. It is why in the great sonnets Hopkins deserts sprung rhythm for common rhythm counterpointed—the ordinary iambic pentameter, but with a frequent substitution (giving an effect like a smart change of step in mid-line) of trochee for iambus on the sensitive second foot. The case against sprung rhythm (and the reason why the iambic pentameter has in spite of Hopkins—and Mr. Pound and Sir Herbert Read—survived) is simply that in sprung rhythm (and in accentual free verse) the rhetorical accent—or how one says it for sense—cannot be played against the metrical accent—or where, mechanically, one expects the bumps to come. It is this rhetorical-metrical play that gives the iambic pentameter its extraordinary flexibility, from (in this example from Shakespeare I mark the rhetorical accents, often three a line in Elizabethan blank verse to the five metrical accents),

> I am not váliant néither,
> But every púny whípster gets my swórd,

through a Miltonic example of counterpointing,

> Úni vérsal reproách fár wórse to béar,

to Pope's extraordinary combination of emphatic concision with an imitating of conversational ease (I could easily scan this mechanically, but I cannot scan it so as to show the play),

> Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
> They rave, recite, and madden round the land. . . .

Alas, Bridges's quantitiative experiments do not even "work" in the limited way that sprung

---

* *Selected Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*. Edited by JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann*. 6s.

A Hopkins Reader. Selected by JOHN PICK. *Oxford*. 21s.

Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. *Oxford*. 12s. 6d.

Poems and Prose of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Selected by W. H. GARDNER. *Penguin Books*. 2s. 6d.

rhythm does. We have to say "lōnelinēss ōbscūre" to get a dactyl-spondee ending. We resent the inversion; and that is not, in spite of the Latin rules of quantity, how we pronounce the English word "ŏbscure."

It is not, however, precisely because of such gallant, unsuccessful experiments that Bridges is ignored. He was often a triumphant craftsman. One could make a hundred-page selection from him in which every poem or extract would be an obvious anthology choice. What puts us off today, I am afraid, is his sanity—or perhaps I should says his very special kind of sanity. There is a novel by Mr. Lionel Trilling, *The Middle of the Journey*, in which the hero might be taken as representing Bridges's academic ideal of humanistic balance. Mr. Trilling's hero knows that many people are unhappy, that the world is not going to be transformed overnight, that perhaps at the best of times only a few people in our hungry, struggling, ignorant world have the chance to lead "the good life"; but he does feel he is leading it himself. He is surrounded by guilty and nagging near-Communists and ex-Communists (haring for the Church), who strive to make his life a misery. The villains of the novel think him a prig and so, to be honest, in my heart, do I.

Bridges represents the academic ideal of humanism in that sense. It was he, not Hopkins, who led the enclosed life. The Jesuits are not a "worldly" order, but they are very much "in the world." In Dr. Pick's admirable selections from his prose, we can see how engaged Hopkins always is—with poetry, with landscape, with literary ideas, certainly, but also with people and politics. He tells us about "a young Mr. Yeats" whose family push him too much; he jokes and gossips. Bridges, on the other hand, lived for poetry. If he ever heard or saw anything interesting I am sure that, in his letters, he missed the point. That is the lack we feel in him. There is delicate art, culture, broadmindedness, a thin Oxford charm—there is a remote, distinguished, quite individual poetry, even—and we are left in the end, murmuring sadly: "Poetry is not enough!"

G. S. FRASER

THE EVANGELIST

"My brethren . . ." And a bland, elastic smile
Basks on the mobile features of Dissent.
No hypocrite, you understand. The style
Befits a church that's based on sentiment.

Solicitations of a swirling gown,
The sudden vox humana, and the pause,
The expert orchestration of a frown
Deserve, no doubt, a murmur of applause.

The tides of feeling round me rise and sink;
Bunyan, however, found a place for wit.
Yes, I am more persuaded than I think;
Which is, perhaps, why I disparage it.

You round upon me, generously keen:
The man, you say, is patently sincere.
Because he is so eloquent, you mean?
That test was never patented, my dear.

If, when he plays upon our sympathies,
I'm pleased to be fastidious, and you
To be inspired, the vice in it is this:
Each does us credit, and we know it too.

DONALD DAVIE

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GIDE PORTRAYED

Portrait of André Gide. By JUSTIN O'BRIEN. *Secker & Warburg.* 35s.

Some time ago it was rumoured, one still hopes not inaccurately, that Mr. O'Brien was to write the definitive biography of Gide. For six years he had inhabited the sixty years of Gide's monumental *Journals*; and his translation of that classical French work has become one of the classics of the English tongue in modern times. A faithful translator reaches a unique intimacy with his author, of a kind that is denied to the most sympathetic reader and the closest friend. When he seeks and finds in his own language the equivalent of the writer's sentences, when they dissolve and re-crystallise, he touches the moment of truth at which they came into existence. Armed with this discipline, Mr. O'Brien would be Gide's ideal biographer. Instead, despite its sub-title, "a critical biography," the *Portrait* turns out to be not the definitive biography, the portrait in time, but a definitive critique of Gide's thought; though here, too, the translator's agony and success were not wasted.

Mr. O'Brien's book, it's true, had already been written four times, in intention at least. But M. Paul Archambault was one of the Catholic critics, of whom there will never be another, now that Gide's entire works are on the Index; the present reviewer's book had its faults; Mr. A. J. Guerard took Gide to pieces, like a clock, and omitted to put him together again; and Mr. Harold March saw Gide too much as one of the hunted, and too little as one of the hunters. The publishers' claim that Mr. O'Brien's work "will supersede all other books on its subject" is perhaps not quite justified—there is room for all points of view on Gide, except the Pharisee's. But the strength of this portrait is that it has no point of view. Mr. O'Brien has presented the contents of Gide's mind with all the fidelity and insight which marked him as a translator; and the essential soundness of his work is not impaired by the few criticisms one may make concerning its scope and omissions.

Mr. O'Brien quotes a maxim, much admired by Gide, from Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*: "the cistern contains, the fountain overflows." The fountain, of course, is the great artist, and it is the critic's impossible task to construct a cistern which will contain the fountain. The double technical problem of conducting an analysis and synthesis, and of communicating an experience, has rarely been solved in both its parts. Mr. O'Brien has confined himself to a study of Gide's ideas; and he leaves out qualities of joy and harmony which in Gide's work are inseparable from his thought. Moreover, a rather disquieting number of Gide's writings are barely mentioned, perhaps because Mr. O'Brien does not realise that they contain ideas. *Isabelle* is about the bankruptcy of romantic love; *Amyntas* is about the loss of the spirit of delight, *Voyage au Congo* is about its return; and the *Ecole des femmes* trilogy is surely a remarkable study of marriage and the family. But the most serious omission is the most important work of Gide's last period, *Thésée*. Without *Thésée* it would be possible, though wrong, to see Gide's work as nothing but the famous Gidian oscillation, an incessant attraction and repulsion between opposite extremes of liberation and discipline. *Thésée* is Gide's claim to have achieved the harmony for which his freedom and restraint were only the means, and Theseus is intended to be, alone among the heroes of his fiction, good, great and successful, a hero indeed. The irony which Mr. O'Brien detects in this work is in fact merely decorative, not fundamental; and one feels that as certainly as Gide's Prometheus was misbound, his Theseus has been misunderstood.

Let me reiterate my opinion that Mr. O'Brien's *Portrait* should be a first choice as a critique of Gide's thought, and then digress into looking at the pictures. Most of them were hitherto unpublished, for Mr. O'Brien has been allowed by Gide's daughter and her husband to draw on the family album. There are photographs of Gide at various ages, of his indulgent father and forbidding mother, of his patient wife, and there is an aerial view of Cuverville, the country house from which the prodigal so often fled, and to which he so often came home—"In the Normandy autumn I dream of the desert spring." Here is the garden wall, with the "strait gate" of *La Porte étroite*; and here on the lawn is a colossal tree, dwarfing the house—but whether it is the cedar in which he climbed as a child to look at the distant sea, or the beech that Valéry called "*L'hêtre suprême*," one is too high up to see. I take this photograph as a symbol of Gide's harmony, with its underlying tensions which ensure that his salt will never lose its savour, and as one of the focal points for the work of Gide's future biographer.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

THE DALAI LAMA'S FRIEND

Seven Years in Tibet. By HEINRICH HARRER. *Hart-Davis.* 16s.

In January 1946 two young Austrians, in tattered shirts and greasy sheepskin coats, arrived at a great gate crowned with three *chortens* and passed unchallenged into Lhasa. "No one, not even a European, was suspect, because no one had ever come to Lhasa without a pass."

Harrer and Aufschnaiter had been nearly two years over their journey. They had escaped from an Indian internment camp meaning to cut across Tibet to Burma and the Japanese lines. But the Tibetan policy with uninvited strangers is to push them gently off the premises. So for months, as the two tried to make their way south-eastwards along the line of the Himalaya, they had to avoid being edged out by some provincial governor into Nepal, and probably transferred to the British. But nothing happened in a hurry; and a year of rather baffling encounters with authority (during which they learnt Tibetan) transformed their wish to escape into a determination to see more of Tibet and, particularly, to visit Lhasa. So, waving a false pass, and avoiding the trade routes, they set off into the interior.

The whole journey, from Dehra Dun to Lhasa—crossing and re-crossing the Himalayan watershed, over the uncharted Changthang plateau in winter—was an enterprise on the Hedin or Younghusband level, and the publishers have treated it very shabbily by providing nothing but a picture map which leaves out half the places mentioned. Yet the two had none of the material resources of those travellers—no porters, no transport except one temperamental yak, no tents. They slept wherever possible with nomads—though lice and cold often made sleep impossible; dreaming of delicious meals in the station buffet at Graz, they fed on *tsampa* (barley meal) and meat eaten raw, or cooked on a fire of yak dung—"Our standards of comfort were lower than those of the native population." They survived the terrible winter months because they were physically tough—they had been members of the Nanga Parbat expedition of 1939—but even more because, like Spencer Chapman in Malaya, they were tough-minded: civilised men whose civilisation did not stop with books and plumbing, who were never the prisoners of their own needs and sensations: "Our wits were not blunted, and our minds were continuously occupied."

Surprisingly, they were allowed to stay on in Lhasa, living at first with a nobleman who spoke excellent English. Soon they were moving in the best Tibetan circles, and being teased for their country accent. They attended receptions and processions, they went in for the local foot-races, they taught their new friends tennis, bridge and skating. Their intelligence was quickly appreciated, and they were asked to make a plan of the city, re-gild the idols in a temple, repair the old electric plant (enough current daily for the Mint, but only once a week for private houses), construct drains and dykes, translate the news, and supervise the felling of trees in the Dalai Lama's garden. They were taken into Government service, and their standard of living went up: they acquired a house of their own, gave a big Christmas party, and bought a Leica, which yielded the superb photographs with which the book is illustrated. A few other Westerners turned up briefly; an American journalist presented Harrer with two colour films; the Italian scholar Professor Tucci let him down badly in argument with the Tibetans by inclining to their view that the sun went round the earth.

The contrasts of Lhasa were sharp. The rich had cine-cameras, furs from Hamburg, Omega watches, the finest English woollens, wireless sets with perfect reception, for there were no electric fittings to interfere. Yet the wheel was barely known, and the gangs of underfed, forced labourers were set to work in the most primitive and wasteful way. The thirteenth Dalai Lama had imported three cars; now the two Austins and a Dodge, honourably guarded, stood idle and rusty, in mourning for their late master.

How Harrer met the fourteenth Dalai Lama and became his tutor, friend and adviser, is the highlight of the book. He watched the God-king in theological dispute with the most learned abbot—a Christ among the doctors; helped him work his cine-projector, and did his best to deal with questions about jet planes, radio and atom bombs. He became tremendously attached to the lively, intelligent boy: "I knew how much the young king desired to lead his people one day out of the fog of gloomy superstition. We dreamt and talked endlessly about enlightenment and future reforms." Aufschnaiter was to reorganise agriculture, Harrer to create a university. But the omens were evil: monsters were born, a stone capital on the Potala was shattered—and the Chinese attacked the frontier at six places. The Dalai Lama fled to India, and with him went Harrer, with servants and horses and savings, over a frontier he had crossed as a refugee seven years before. And we end his absorbing (and beautifully translated) story with gratitude that the man who had the physique to survive the appalling journey to Lhasa should also have had the imaginative sympathy to enter so fully into a place and a life as strange and remote from us as Marco Polo's Tartary.

JANET ADAM SMITH

"A GREAT HUMAN"

Stanley Baldwin: An Examination of Some Features of Mr. G. M. Young's Biography. By D. C. SOMERVELL. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

When Mr. G. M. Young's *Stanley Baldwin* appeared in 1952 it was greeted with both interest and surprise. Baldwin had asked the author "somewhat languidly" to write his life: as a friend as much as a historian, Mr. Young somewhat languidly consented. But his book was not the usual sort of biography written by a friend: it was detached and critical, carefully creating the impression that Baldwin was handicapped by a fatal indolence which prevented him from acting when action was imperative. Even more important, at no point in the story did Mr. Young ever try to contradict or undermine Churchill's damning reference to Baldwin in the index of his *Gathering Storm*—"Baldwin, Stanley, confesses putting party before country."

Mr. Somervell was provoked as well as surprised by Mr. Young: this short essay, followed by four of Baldwin's speeches and garnished with five pages of foreword by Ernest Brown, is the result. Mr. Young is attacked not for his detail but for his general account, and so too is Churchill. Posterity is severely admonished not to regard "Mr. Churchill's scriptures with the uncritical reverence that a Fundamentalist of Tennessee accords to the Book of Job."

Posterity will no doubt profit from this advice, but no one has ever accused Mr. Young of being a Fundamentalist. His biography, dealing, like all his work, in pastel shades, more than stands up to Mr. Somervell's assault. His style and treatment are less successful in painting Baldwin's portrait than they were in painting the portrait of Victorian England, but they are more effective

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than Mr. Somervell's fervent and vivid response. This new version is bold and uncompromising. Public opinion, not Baldwin, was responsible for the drift to war in the Thirties: the Labour Party, not lethargy, kept Baldwin back. Above all, we are told, "the general and instinctive discrediting of the inter-war period" must stop; in time not only Baldwin but also Mr. Ernest Brown and Sir Thomas Inskip can be rehabilitated.

Although the name of Clio is frequently invoked, we cannot avoid stumbling in the pages of this book into the middle of the old Conservative family quarrel. We feel like awkward outsiders, warned that Socialist interpretations of the issues are irrelevant and told to beware of Churchill, for he was a man of genius, privileged to defy and disrupt "the organised hypocrisy of political parties." Unfortunately, Mr. Somervell's picture of Baldwin is just too plain and simple to convince any reader who prefers to regard the family quarrel as history and not politics. Baldwin is compared with the headmaster of a school on the grounds that there is "a certain analogy between all types of headship," and defended as Prime Minister because "some of the greatest headmasters have been men of whom it was hard to say what they did." Mr. Ernest Brown goes further: if any young student asks him the secret of Baldwin's hold on his age, he replies that it was because he was "a great human." We are told the secret twice. If serious historians start writing the history of the inter-war years in these terms, we shall get back not to the schoolroom but to the nursery.

There never will be a fixed and final interpretation of the England of Baldwin, but no convincing interpretation at all can emerge until people begin to think as well as to remember. Mr. Young by no means explored all the evidence, even secondary evidence, but he did meditate. The next stage in the unfolding of the Baldwin story will demand hard and prolonged research.

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JEEVES AND PARTNER

Performing Flea. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Jenkins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It would be a miracle if Mr. P. G. Wodehouse wrote dull letters and this collection, going back to 1920 and coming up to the present, is full of laughs. The account of staying with Hearst in California is as funny as a night at the opera with the Marx Brothers. But readers who look to Mr. Wodehouse for a laugh find it in his books. These letters are more than a laughing matter. They show how a master of writing in his own line works to create his effects, and they must give to everyone who remembers the wartime row about their author's broadcasts, solid grounds for thinking again. Mr. Wodehouse confesses to having made an ass of himself, but he denies, amiably, cogently and with chapter and verse, that he did anything, or wanted to do anything, either to help the enemy or to help himself. He remarks, in a friendly reference to George Orwell, that even that fiery defender of under-dogs was to some extent misled.

Orwell wrote that Wodehouse, while under house arrest, had German officers dropping in for a bath or a party. This, according to the victim of the charge, was based on an inaccurate report of what he subsequently said to an interviewer.

> From Orwell's article you would think I had *invited* the blighters to come and scour their damned bodies in my bathroom. What actually happened was that at the end of the second week of occupation the house next door became full of German Labour Corps workers, and they seemed to have got me muddled up with Tennyson's Sir Walter Vivian, the gentleman who, all a summer's day gave his broad lawns up to the people. I suppose to a man fond of German Labour Corps workers and liking to hear them singing in his bath, the conditions would have been ideal, but they didn't suit me. I chafed, and a fat lot of good chafing did me. They came again next day and brought their friends.

Mr. Wodehouse chooses to explain himself in this flippant style, but he produces evidence that calls for answers from his accusers. He refers with almost incredible good temper to the vicious habit of putting interviews into inverted commas when, as he claims, they do not give the actual words spoken, adding mildly, "when a war is in progress it is kinder to the interviewee not to indulge the imagination." His description of day-to-day life in an internment camp rings true, even though, in reading it, the macabre contrast of what others in other kinds of camp suffered shows inevitably between the lines. That less than justice was done to Mr. Wodehouse, unofficially in the press and by official government order over the B.B.C., is the conclusion that is likely to be generally drawn from this section of the letters.

Happily, most of them show their author engaged in discussing with an old school friend, Mr. W. Townend, to whom all are written, the mysteries of trying to be funny. Here Mr. Wodehouse is tensely in earnest. He knows what he is doing and spares no pains in doing it as effectively and as profitably as mother wit and a keen business sense allow him. When he is dealing with a new book on the stocks, the Jeeves side of him is uppermost. He becomes grave, wise, worldly—and well worth hearing. Anyone who is concerned in the construction of stories will read every word he writes with respectful attention. They will, especially if they are young writers, sigh for the vanished opportunities he had in his youth. He lists all the magazines in which he found a market and denies that what killed the English magazine was the competition of the movies, motors, radio and so on. The "slanter," the "bird who studies what editors want" until "the public begin to find it a bit monotonous and stop buying" is his first villain. His second is undue reverence for names. "Practically every English magazine would buy any sort of bilge provided it was by somebody with a big name as a novelist."

He is exquisitely detached about his own skill.

> I believe there are two ways of writing novels. One is mine, making the thing a sort of musical comedy without music and ignoring real life altogether; the other is going right deep down into life and not caring a damn. The ones that fail are the ones where the writer loses his nerve and says: "My God! I can't write this, I must tone it down."

When he was getting his D.Litt at Oxford, just after Belloc had said that he was the best living English writer, he met Hugh Walpole, and this dialogue followed.

> "Did you see what Belloc said about you?" I said I had. "I wonder why he said that." "I wonder," I said. Long silence. "I can't imagine why he said that," said Hugh. I said I couldn't either. Another long silence. "It seems such an extraordinary thing to say!" "Most extraordinary." Long silence again. "Ah well," said Hugh, having apparently found the solution, "the old man's getting very old."

Mr. Wodehouse, as he comes out in these letters, takes his job seriously, but never himself. The junior partner in his firm, escaped from the surveillance of Jeeves, has a high old time quietly among his books and his pekes, and keeping up an unflagging interest in the football and cricket of his old school. He describes himself as something of a recluse, slinking away from a Hollywood party to his own house to re-read *Cakes and Ale*, and shunning birthday parties for books. His reflections on other writers, living and dead, are free from envy and full of insight and they come with the more freshness because he is quick to note where favourites seem to him to have misfired. Kipling is one of his heroes, but he writes:

> Listen, something really must be done about Kip's *Mrs. Bathurst*. I read it years ago and didn't understand a word of it. I thought to myself "Ah, youthful ignorance!" A week ago I re-read it. Result, precisely the same. What did the villain do to Mrs. Bathurst? What did he tell the Captain in his cabin that made the Captain look very grave and send him up country where he was struck by lightning? Why was the other chap who was struck by lightning, too, introduced? And, above all, how was Kip allowed to get away with six solid pages of padding at the start of the story?

More pretentious critics fail to get to the root of the matter as Mr. Wodehouse does so often, easily and lightly, in these letters.

A. P. RYAN

A HUNDRED YEARS WAR

Storming the Citadel: the Rise of the Woman Doctor. By E. MOBERLY BELL. *Constable.* 18*s.*

This ought to be, for all right-thinking people, an intensely irritating book. Between the first attempts made by a woman in England and the granting in 1950 of the last of the disputed privileges—a full commission in the R.A.M.C.—there has been an interval of 90 years. Throughout this long span the world has been crying out for more doctors to ease its miseries, yet the women who felt this to be their vocation were at first rejected altogether and later wantonly hindered in their job. Miss Moberly Bell's understanding account of this struggle for opportunity is timely, for the true story will soon be forgotten and its valuable lessons for the doctors of the future, and indeed for all women confronted by sex-prejudice, might easily be lost. Very wisely the author has built her story round the leaders of the campaign, for she excels in the portrayal of character, and the medical profession has always appealed to outstanding personalities. The three great pioneers—Elizabeth Blackwell, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson and the unlucky Sophia Jex-Blake—are sketched at length, and there are many shorter but sharply defined studies of women still remembered with gratitude and affection, such as the Victorian Mrs. Scharlieb, who knitted her way steadily through endless committees on prostitution and other horrific subjects which she looked as though she had never heard of, and Elsie Inglis of the Scottish Hospitals in the 1914 war, who fought officialdom on behalf of her beloved Serbs until the day of her death.

Miss Bell's sedate and judicial manner exactly matches the temper in which the women have conducted their campaign, but she can be astringent enough in discussing the sort of opposition they had to face from the sanctimonious obstetricians and other interested parties.

The demand for entry to the medical profession began in the Eighteen-Sixties, in that well-to-do middle-class section of the community which stood between Disraeli's "Two Nations," and had already supplied the impetus for the abolition of slavery and of early social legislation. "In this serious part of the population" (and probably nowhere else in the England of the day) "women as well as men lived naturally and played their part in forwarding reforms." From their ranks came Elizabeth Garrett and Sophia Jex-Blake and the other early aspirants to a medical career. Their pertinacity and courage were comparable with those of Florence Nightingale, but they had to fight without her aristocratic backing and against the active hostility of Queen Victoria and the Court doctors, and they endured personal humiliations she never knew. For years the medical women were chased from university to university and from hospital to hospital like stray cats. If they slipped through an unguarded door (as Elizabeth Garrett managed to do when she snatched the Licentiateship of the Society of Apothecaries), the door was promptly barred behind them. Perhaps the palm for obdurate opposition goes to the University of Edinburgh, which in 1869 first accepted the women as matriculated students, then allowed them to be treated with inconceivable brutality, and finally threw them out minus degrees and heavily mulcted in legal expenses. To Sophia Jex-Blake, Miss Moberly Bell gives the credit which has never been fully admitted, not only for weathering the Scottish blasts, but for keeping her head in a crisis, when Elizabeth Garrett had surprisingly lost hers. It was Sophia, not Elizabeth, who founded the London School of Medicine against incredible odds.

> She only had the imagination to see the immense value of a school of medicine run for and by women —to have a women's school as well-equipped and administered as any in the country sending out graduates who distinguished themselves in every field of medicine—this has given medical women in England a status hardly to be found elsewhere.

The author is on firm ground in insisting that a few women absorbed into a large and probably hostile organisation may find themselves in a very disadvantageous position indeed.

When the opening of the degrees of London University in 1877, and the acceptance of women students by the Royal Free Hospital gave women a clear passage to the Medical Register, many people thought the fight had ended. It had hardly begun. If women had not been able to obtain higher degrees, post-graduate experience in hospitals, a place on consultant staffs, equal pay and opportunities for promotion in Government and Municipal departments, and equal treatment in the fighting services, they would never have become more than "second-class citizens" in the medical world. All these essentials for a useful career have had to be acquired by prolonged and infinitely boring efforts, admirably described in this book. Perhaps only trade unionists with experience of similar troubles can appreciate fully why medical women have found it essential to fight so hard on apparently minor issues. One hopes they would also approve the wisdom shown by the Medical Women's Federation in their tactics, and the loyalty of their members in refusing to accept tainted appointments, often at great personal cost. The British Medical Association which, like the House of Commons, often shows a collective good sense greater than that of individual members, has always supported the claims of women doctors. It has, moreover, always approved of the women having an additional and independent professional organisation of their own. Not only the B.M.A. but a long list of distinguished individual doctors and laymen have to be added to the list of those who stormed the citadel: the liberal politician J. B. Stansfeld, the gallant father of Elizabeth Garrett, A. T. Norton, General Sir Alfred Keogh and a host of others deserve their share of haloes.

One could wish that something more had been said about the rise of women general practitioners, who had particularly tough if unspectacular battles to fight and contributed considerably to the breaking-down of popular prejudice. Scottish and provincial graduates may also feel, not for the first time, that there has been too exclusive a concentration on London. But it would be ungracious to complain of the Royal Free School which has given us wise and successful leadership for over seventy years, and has now added to our debt by commissioning this invaluable and very readable record.

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Native Administration in the British African Territories, Part V. BY LORD HAILEY. *H.M.S.O.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

The African Mind in Health and Disease. BY J. C. CAROTHERS. *H.M.S.O.* for the *World Health Organisation.* 10*s.*

The South Africa Act provided, in the cautious language of Cmd. 8707, for the "possible eventual transfer" to the Union of the administration of the three High Commission Territories. When Dr. Malan, like his predecessors, has pressed for the transfer envisaged over forty years ago, he has been resisted with repetitions of the formula that the change cannot take place until the inhabitants have been consulted and our Parliament has expressed its views. One of the things which has evidently wounded South African nationalist feelings is the suspicion that, as Dr. Malan said to Mr. Gordon-Walker in 1951, "we are not trusted with the protection and promotion of Native interests." Indeed, apologists for South African methods often protest that standards of Native welfare in the Union are higher than in neighbouring areas, and Dr. Malan has proclaimed that, in the setting up of self-governing institutions and "the general uplifting" of the Natives in the Union's reserves, "we confidently invite comparison with any other Native Administration in Southern Africa."

Lord Hailey is not directly concerned in his new book with these or any other of the more general political problems touching the High Commission Territories. They are for him three units among the British dependencies in Africa, the study of which rounds off his work on Native Administration; the four earlier volumes appeared in 1950-51. The architectural proportions of Lord Hailey's writings on Africa are matched by his monumental experience and sagacity. In this book, as elsewhere, he presents a mass of details, historical, economic, and technical, without swamping the great design of asking the important questions and drawing wisdom from the answers. On the leading African theme of Indirect Rule he emphasises that we have been taught that

> the most certain guarantee for the survival of what is best in the traditional institutions of Africa is to accept the necessity for their progressive adjustment to the changing circumstances in which Africa now finds herself.

How far have we promoted a reasonable adjustment of the African institutions of the High Commission Territories to new needs? In Basutoland it was only in the years 1938-46 that reforms to rationalise the system of Native authorities and courts brought the Territory somewhere nearer the goal of a modernised administration. Similar reforms came a little earlier in the Bechuanaland Protectorate and later in Swaziland (1944-50). If these somewhat delayed first steps are to provide lessons in the working of modern governmental machinery, for what are they preparing the way? In our African dependencies generally, Lord Hailey reminds us, Native Administration is to lead on to self-government. But the economic involvement of the High Commission Territories with the Union, apart from any other questions, may rule out autonomy for them. Yet this does not mean that further political reforms are to be dispensed with. A prerequisite for the granting of some form of independence on the British pattern is the establishment of a Legislative Council; at the very least, the setting up of such bodies in Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and Swaziland would allow a clearer and more authoritative expression of African opinion on the subject of transfer to the Union. Dr. Malan would have less cause to issue his challenges to compare his administration with ours, and less chance of making a reasonable claim to the irritating enclaves in Union territory. (It should be noted, however, that Lord Hailey makes a case for postponing the introduction of legislatures in Bechuanaland and Swaziland until experience with other forms of council has matured.)

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FRANCES CRANE *13 White Tulips*	The Abbotts solve unusual murder in San Francisco.	Smart, sophisticated detection. Murder method quite new.	Sure to be a favourite.
VAN SILLER *Paul's Apartment*	Mysterious happenings and murder in a Greenwich village apartment.	Well written. Intriguing characters. Atmosphere well built up.	To be read at one sitting.
DAVID ELIAS *The Cause of the Screaming*	Glamorous, wise-cracking, redheaded Nell Bartlett shuttles between New York and Boston investigating Murder.	Mystery good. Dialogue witty. Refreshingly new slant on sleuth.	Don't miss this one. It's fast, furious and funny.
JACQUES DECREST *Body on the Bench*	Supt. Gilles, of Paris Sureté, solves murder of well-known opera singer.	Fascinating Paris background. Sound detection.	You'll like Supt. Gilles. He's human!
WILLIAM ARD *The Perfect Frame*	Prosperous broker meets sudden death. Timothy Dane investigates.	In the best tradition of hard-boiled detection.	Excellent for those who like them tough.
ALFRED EICHLER *Murder in the Radio Department*	Sinister happenings behind the scenes in radio advertising business.	Topical angle. Plenty of excitement.	Thoroughly entertaining.
GUY CULLINGFORD *Post Mortem*	Death of a successful but tyrannical author. English setting. Unique sleuth.	A clever and imaginative plot told from a very unusual angle.	Tops from every point of view.

Lord Hailey's analysis is couched in the familiar language of political discourse. When he refers to the disturbing paradox by which the so-called Medicine Murders were able to persist among a people so heavily influenced by Christianity, modern education, and contact with Western civilisation as the Basuto, he speaks of it as being "one of the many unsolved problems of African psychology." Dr. Carothers writes a monograph on the African Mind; he brings many different scientific idioms into play; if he does not solve many problems of African psychology, it is not for want of application. Supported by many years' experience in Kenya, both in general and psychological medicine, he sets out to find answers to the questions: How do the characteristics of African mentality differ from those of Europeans? What are the relative roles of innate and environmental factors in the making of these differences? He traverses, in the narrow scope of some eighty-five thousand words, physical anthropology, geography, medicine, genetics, nutrition, social anthropology, psychology, and psychiatry. He is brave in attack, modest in form, and incautious in generalisation.

It is not difficult for him to dispose of discussions which rely on genetic explanations of African mentality. Except for sicklaemia, there is no demonstrated innate ill African flesh is especially heir to. Explanations must lie elsewhere. For Dr. Carothers they are to be found in an environment of disease and malnutrition and in a set of cultural forms which frustrate a full development of the personality as we judge this by European standards. We may assume that Dr. Carothers speaks with some authority on disease and bad feeding; we may equally entertain doubts about his handling of the social and cultural evidence.

It cannot be urged against him that he is unaware of the difficulties inherent in speaking of The African, but some superficial readings of anthropological data must put us on our guard when we encounter his essays in generalising. "A relatively high degree of exogamy" is the rule in Africa; therefore the appearance of rare recessive genetic characters, which is favoured by marriage between blood relatives, is less likely there than in rural Europe. (He has misunderstood the meaning of exogamy; it by no means excludes consanguineous marriage.) "Certainly there is little link in Africa between ethics and religion . . ." (Fortunately, this is contradicted on a later page where ancestors and remoter spirits are included in the schedule of persons whose "will" may be offended by the breaking of social rules.)

The essence of the argument is that the African mind does not achieve the "total personal integration" which characterises the European. "The African is not asleep, but he does seem to live in that strange no-man's land 'twixt sleep and wakening where fact and fancy meet on equal terms." Among the cultural factors producing this strange state of affairs is the institution of late weaning (which, Dr. Carothers may care to note, is apparently common also among so wide-awake a people as the Chinese), and the treatment of constants of this kind suggests that the author has not realised that he will be able to demonstrate a connection between cultural practices and personality configurations only when, having put both on a more careful analytical basis, he shows how in fact they vary together. Not all African social systems are the same; not all Africans wean their children at the same time; the other cultural characters listed also change from group to group; let him study them in different combinations.

Dr. Carothers has subtitled his book "A Study in Ethnopsychiatry"; his material on the incidence of mental illness is very suggestive; he has an invigorating appetite for knowledge; we may well hear more of this. *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi.*

MAURICE FREEDMAN

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NEW NOVELS

The Flower of May. By KATE O'BRIEN. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Go-Between. By L. P. HARTLEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 11*s.*

A Kid for Two Farthings. By WOLF MANKOWITZ. *Andre Deutsch.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Frozen Flame. By PATRICK O'BRIAN. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Dwarf. By PÄR LAGERKVIST. *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In all these five novels, background plays a major part. The use of background, the setting of a theme in a particular place, time and society is one of the important choices the novelist has to make. It is a test of his art that his characters should seem organically related to their setting, living in it and being influenced by it while unconsciously taking it for granted. It is precisely this effect of unconsciousness that is the most difficult for the author to produce.

Two of the five pass the test with honours: *The Flower of May* and *The Go-Between*. I would put the former high on the list of that uneven, but always interesting novelist, Kate O'Brien. It displays her keen sensibility to places and people, particularly to the Irish landscape and the Irish character which, in all classes, seems to be so much more spontaneous, yet so much more fiercely reserved than the English. The main theme is the intercourse between the younger members of an impoverished Irish family and a wealthy Belgian one. Rare creatures both, the two girls Fanny and Lucille have made friends at their convent school. Lucille, more dazzling and more definite, belongs to that Catholic cosmopolitan society which flourished before the first war. In the less clearly focussed eyes of Fanny she symbolises all the charm of Europe. Fanny's journey to Italy is an intoxication of delight and anguish. The calm of Lucille, confronted with Fanny's feverishness suggests the relation of the two sisters in *Goblin Market*. The intrusion of Lucille's brother into the Irish scene causes havoc in the Morrow family and awakens Fanny from her dreamy enchantment. Her illusions are destroyed but her innocence is too genuine and positive ever to be corrupted. The book is a study in contrasts, not merely between rooted Irish and ranging Europeans or between the acquisitive and the self-sacrificing, but primarily between the corruptible and the incorruptible. There are moments when Miss O'Brien's dramatic sense runs away with her, when a glare of limelight suddenly interrupts the soft grey or golden glow which normally bathes her scene. At such moments her usually excellent dialogue is apt to become shrill and strained. But these are small defects in a book which is compassionate, ironical and pervaded by a quality so unusual in modern fiction that it can only be described by the unfashionable word noble.

L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between* is closer-knit and more technically brilliant than *The Flower of May*. A single episode of passion seen through the intent, uncomprehending eyes of a boy of twelve, half-tenderly, half-callously exploited by the grown-ups who use him as their envoy, is a rich and dangerous subject. Mr. Hartley handles it with imaginative skill. His Leo is a real boy with a boy's dreams of magical power, a boy's agonised self-consciousness and capacity for leading several definite and fiercely exclusive lives at once. The country house and its inhabitants in 1900, the burning summer, the child compelled by forces he translates into his own magical terms and tries secretly to control—all these are conveyed with astonishing intensity. If it were not for the epilogue which rings oddly flat and false this book would be a masterpiece. The reader would be wise to be strong-minded and skip it. By making Leo a nervous wreck for life, by bringing him back to the scene of his intense experience when he is over sixty, the drama suddenly becomes melodrama and the whole splendid effect is ruined.

Wolf Mankowitz's *A Kid for Two Farthings* is

also about a small boy, this time a six-year-old East Ender. It is more a long short story than a novel; the characters, though touched in skilfully and sharply, do not change or develop. The author creates a vivid East End as a background to the story of Jo and his "unicorn," obviously meant to be something of a parable. If he sometimes prods us a trifle too knowingly or too consciously invites the smile or the tear, this is a fresh and accomplished little piece of *genre* painting. Mr. Mankowitz has a quick eye for snapshotting a character and an uncannily good ear for its typical mode of speech. *A Kid for Two Farthings* should be a natural for the films.

The Frozen Flame, though original and interesting in parts, falls between a number of stools. Patrick O'Brian has hit on a good theme, that of a man who longs to feel passionately and is incapable of feeling at all. But there are so many changes of focus that the general effect is a blur. This is a case where the background, a Catalan village which the author obviously knows and loves, clutters up the story. Mr. O'Brian empties too much out of his bulging sack without bothering to sort or arrange the contents. He gets so excited about what he is writing about at the moment—even to the extent of interpolating bad free verse when his imagination reaches boiling point—that he forgets all about proportion or continuous dramatic development. He writes vividly but carelessly, sometimes using English words such as "rest" and "train" in the sense of their French counterparts so that one often seems to be reading a hasty translation. If I am harsh on this first novel, it is because I believe Mr. O'Brian has something good in that sack. Raw material, however excellent, is not enough; the novelist's harassing task is to compose and present it.

The Dwarf is not a first novel but the latest work of a recent Nobel prize for literature. The only other book of Pär Lagerkvist's I have read is *Barabbas*, which, though it did not seem to me as remarkable as the critics said, I did get through without much difficulty. I cannot say the same of *The Dwarf*. This is evidently meant to be a conscientious effort both of historical reconstruction and deliberate imagination. I cannot judge the history but some of the theology struck me as very peculiar and some of the alleged religious practices highly unusual. This autobiography of a dwarf at the court of a Renaissance prince seems to me a thoroughly dreary and artificial *tour de force*. I am sure it is loaded with symbolical implications (the blurb says it is "a drama of the conflict in man's soul between good and evil") but they escaped me. There is certainly plenty of evil in this monotonous chronicle of brutality but I searched in vain for the good. Not one touch of humour or humanity lightened the gloom. The only time I smiled was irreverently. That stock Leonardo (I mean Bernardo) was so obviously conceived and executed by Savonarola Brown.

ANTONIA WHITE

PERIODICALS RECEIVED

Two new quarterlies—*Paris Review*, produced on the Left Bank mainly by Americans (4s.) and *Chance* (2s. 6d.)—have in common a determination not to thump tubs. No manifestoes, no narrowing formulas; and if neither review hums with the power that comes from self-confidence and creative energy, both provide sadly needed platforms for the good poem of more than average periodical length, and the uncommercial short story. *The Paris Review* allows itself editorially to favour creation rather than criticism: there have been poems by Donald Hall, Thom Gunn and George Barker, stories by Evan S. Connell and Peter Matthiessen, a meditation by Montherlant on the Pantin Cemetery. Yet the star pieces have leaned towards criticism: highly interesting interviews with Forster, Mauriac and Greene. *Chance* has cast its net wide—Elizabeth Bowen, Joyce Cary and Peter Ustinov have introduced different issues, there is Day Lewis on translating poetry, Graham Hough on Denis Saurat, as well as younger writers: Hilary Corke, Alistair Reid, Ronald H. Duncan, Anthony Ravante.

Perspectives (sponsored by the Ford Foundation and published quarterly by Hamish Hamilton, at 2s. 6d.), is devoted "chiefly to the art, letters and thought of the United States." Its third number carries poetry by Wallace Stevens and Robert Pitney and includes an essay on "The Situation of the American Intellectual" by Lionel Trilling. For its International P.E.N. number *Irish Writing* (quarterly, 2s. 6d.) displays a cosmopolitan galaxy—Barea, Chamson, Muir, Narayan, Silone, Simenon, Lin Yutang—but native industries are looked after in an Irish poetry supplement.

Our two best serious monthlies—*The Twentieth Century* and *The Cambridge Journal*—have maintained a high level of contributions over the past six months. Michael Edwardes's "Kipling and the Imperial Imagination" in the *Twentieth*'s June issue, Richard Mayne on Isherwood and Brian Ingliss on "Government and the Press" in the June and July numbers of the *Cambridge* were all outstanding. *The Month* steers an erratic course between hagiography, literary criticism and English history re-written from a sophisticated, neo-Bellocian standpoint. There are still too many re-gilded saints and too much poking into Olde Englyshe priest-holes for the average non-Papist reader. The critical articles are often excellent, they are just as often banal. Frederick J. Stopps's analysis of *Brideshead* and *Helena* (August) was as penetrating and original as Derek Stanford's boost for "Lord Davil Cecil's Critical Procedure" was pompous and unnecessary. The Oxford quarterly *Essays in Criticism* is another periodical that operates on a disconcerting variety of levels. It has lately been rumbling away with the disagreements of Dr. Leavis and Fr. Martin Jarrett-Kerr on Dr. Leavis; other quarrels, over the interpretation of *A Cooking Egg* or *Bare Ruined Choirs*, conducted briskly by F. W. Bateson, William Empson and others, have livened up the "Critical Forum." Admirers of Charlotte Mew will find an agreeably written memoir of the poet by Alida Monro in the current number of the *Adelphi*.

History Today continues to combine high scholarship with great readability and excellent illustrations. The September number contains the magazine's most considerable scoop to date—Sir Lewis Namier's essay on the character of George III, originally delivered as a lecture at the Royal Academy of Arts last May.

The Trifler, a Westminster School periodical originally published in 1788 and revived at intervals since (2s.) wears the newest look in junior *avant garde*. It contains accomplished Empsonian poems by the staff, and a number of staid middle-aged contributions by parents and old boys. In its note of urbane disillusion, the editorial reads as though it had been written by Anatole France in his seventies.

[We shall be reviewing *Encounter* in a later issue.]

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,233

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word advertisement for a space travel agency. Entries by October 20.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,230

Set by Arachne McLeod

A publisher, describing his plans to launch a book by a P.o.W. who escaped from Germany, announced that "we have suggested to him that he arrives in England from South Africa in an open boat a few days before publication date." Readers are invited to outline plans for a sensational sales-promoting arrival, on the eve of publication, by the authors of any one of the following books: *Corvat's Crudities*, *A Sentimental Journey*, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, *The Kon-Tiki Expedition*, *Voyage of the Beagle*, *Old Calabria*, *Farthest North*, or *A Little Tour in France*.

Report by Arachne McLeod

By the time I had finished reading through a remarkably good entry I was wondering whether the *Seven Pillars* hadn't really been launched by a party of Arabs, mounted on bicycles ("me on Boanerges") smashing windows all down Fleet Street—P.C. Metcalf's pleasant fancy. Eric Swainson planned to float the *Kon-Tiki* down the Thames and "at Westminster, if the previous bridges have been negotiated successfully (we must check measurements), the party should disembark and present a welcoming V.I.P. (Julian Huxley, Hans Haas, Gilbert Harding?) with a live coelacanth." Henry James was to land from a warship in a second invasion of Hastings ("and triumphal march on Rye") or even swim the Channel ("one sees how it would, as it were, round off a venture so pitched to the key of advertisement") —or, in a *diligence*, follow the *Tour de France*. A pittance of a guinea and a half to each of the four printed, to maintain life till the offers of employment from our more enterprising publishers roll in.

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A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Notwithstanding the fair success that has attended the publication of my *Tristram Shandy*, you are perhaps feeling some anxiety as to the reception of this later work. Allow me, then, to suggest a stratagem whereby you may arouse the required degree of public interest. Let a rumour be set on foot that I am to arrive by the Dover packet with contraband goods. On a day that I shall make known to you, you will assemble a fashionable party at the quay-side, where Excise officers will require me to disclose the contents of my baggage. In spite of my eloquent protests a large chest will be opened, whereupon out will step that identical *fille-de-chambre*.—Laurence Sterne.

A. M. SAYERS

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

A small section of the Southampton-London railway line will be "mined" next Thursday afternoon when Colonel Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia—arrives in England. He will travel in the London train, ostensibly as a prisoner of the Turks, until Woking, when a group of ex-soldiers, dressed as Bedouin tribesmen, will pretend to dynamite the engine and leading coaches. Colonel Lawrence, wearing the robes of a Prince of Mecca, will be rescued, and mounted on a white racing camel. He will lead the cavalcade to Messrs. Bumpus's bookshop, where he will sign copies of his long-awaited epic, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. It is hoped to have a Muadhdhin calling from Selfridge's roof, but this will naturally depend on the weather.

DAVID STONE

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE

In considering sales-promotional schemes for your *Voyage of the Beagle* (a better title, perhaps, would be *The Way of a Beagle*) we think the word "beagle" offers distinct exploitation possibilities. We propose to borrow a hound and dress it in a sailor's hat bearing the words "H.M.S. Beagle" and we suggest that you should walk or run behind this from the East India Docks to Fleet Street (the scientist hunting for Truth). Here you would be welcomed by a coral-beaded chorus of South Pacific girls (symbolic of your geology and sex researches). At the same time, as a teaser campaign for your forthcoming book on the descent of man, we might hire some apes from the Zoo, dress them in dinner jackets, and train them to offer drinks and handouts to the invited reporters.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Concerning your *Voyage of the Beagle* I have a suggestion that will greatly assist you.

When you disembark, go on foot with Captain Fitzroy and Mr. Bynoe. At an arranged time and place you will be set upon by hallooing ruffians. You, Sir, will fall bleeding, Captain Fitzroy will rout the attackers, Surgeon Bynoe attending you rapidly will save your life.

Two gentlemen hurrying up will acquaint themselves of what has happened and will quickly get you a vehicle. Afterwards these gentlemen will go to Fleet Street where they have many friends with the newspapers. Next day, Sir, all England will read of Captain Fitzroy's gallantry, of Mr. Bynoe's skill, and Sir, of you—*and your approaching publication.*

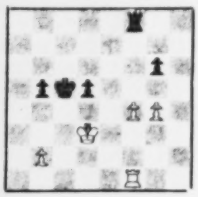
Sir, I can furnish decent hooligans at 3 for 2 gns., gentlemen at ½ sov. apiece, gallon "blood," 1 4d. Total £3 3s. 4d.

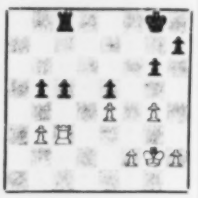
L. G. UDALL

CHESS : Routine Ending ?

No. 210

It was a wise man who said that not much in Chess is quite obvious and that very little should be taken for granted. As for the rudimental principle of the endgame advantage conferred by the "distant pawn" the merest tyro will be confident to exploit such an advantage by routine methods; he will expect to win with the clockwork precision shown by Emanuel Lasker when—White against Rubinstein—he reached this position at Petersburg, 1914.





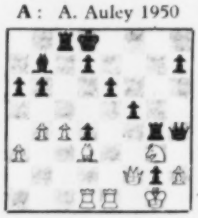
(57)	P-B5	PxP	(62)	K-Q4	K-K3
(58)	PxP	R-B3	(63)	R-B2	K-Q3
(59)	R-B4	P-Kt5	(64)	R-QR2	R-QB2
(60)	P-Kt3	R-B2	(65)	R-R6 ch	K-Q2
(61)	P-B6	K-Q3	(66)	R-Kt6	resigns

True enough that with (59) . . . P-Q5, followed by R-Q3 Black could have put up stronger resistance (though it would not have saved him from ultimate defeat); true also that, with or without a distant pawn, the presence of rooks adds further complexities. The other position, (Diagr., right) with colours reversed, seems no different from the previous one; it occurred on an equally, if not more important occasion: Botvinnik-Euwe in the tenth round at Groningen, 1946 where those two, well ahead of the field, ran neck to neck, until the future world champion came up ½ point ahead of the former one. It was certainly the decisive game of the tournament, and when it was adjourned after the 41st move everybody (including Botvinnik) was sure that Euwe had a forced win. But Botvinnik sat up half the night analysing, and finally found salvation.

(34)	K-B3	K-B2	(43)	K-Q3	R-Q1 ch
(35)	K-K3	K-K3	(44)	K-K3	R-Q5
(36)	P-B4	PxP ch	(45)	RxP	RxP ch
(37)	KxP	P-B5	(46)	K-B3	RxP
(38)	PxP	PxP	(47)	R-B6	R-B5 ch
(39)	P-R4 !	P-R3	(48)	K-K3	R-K5 ch
(40)	P-Kt5	P-R4	(49)	K-B3	K-B4
(41)	K-K3	K-K4	(50)	R-KB6 ch	KxP
(42)	R-B2 !	P-B6	(51)	RxP ch	

Here the draw was agreed. The point that mattered, of course, was this that the White KKtP was just far enough advanced. Hence, Black could have done no better by (43) . . .R-B2, (44) RxP ! RxR ch, (45) KxR, KxP, (46) K-B4, K-B5, (47) K-Q4, K-Kt5, (48) K-K5, KxP, (49) K-B6 ! etc.

A: A. Auley 1950



The 4-pointer very easy but quite instructive for beginners: a game position in which Black forced a mate in four moves. **B**—White to draw—may be not too ungenerously rated with 6 ladder-points if I add the useful hint that White, so as to secure the draw must go in for a veritable strip-tease performance. But **C**—White to win—may well be underrated with 7 points, even with the broad hint that Black, in a sacrificial mood, musters considerable defensive resources.

B: M. Plufov 1905

C: F. J. Prokop 1929

Usual prizes. Entries by October 19.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 19

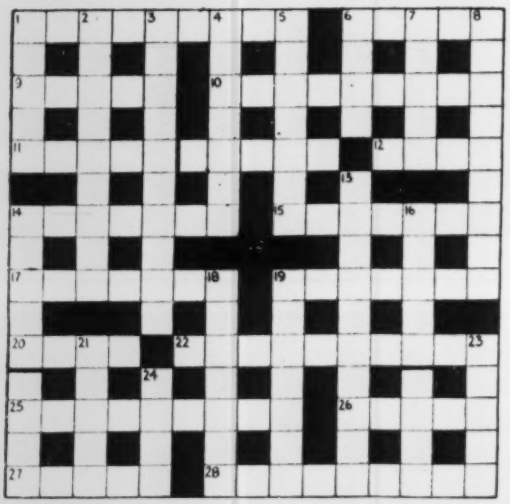
A: (1) . . . Q x KtP ch, followed by B x Q.
B: (1) P-R5, B-B1, (2) K-Q5, B-R3, (3) P-Kt5 ch!, B x P, (4) K-K4, B-R5, (5) K-B3 etc.
C: (1) P-R7, Q-QR5, (2) P-B7, Q-R6, (3) Kt-Kt4!, Q x BP, (4) Kt-Q5, Q-QR6, (5) Kt-K7, Q-KB6, (6) Kt-Kt6 ch, etc.

Quite a few competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **C**. Even so, too many correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by L. C. Carpenter, R. Chandra, M. D. Elvin, N. L. Freeman, R. E. Hodsdon.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 69

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 69, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 20th Oct.



ACROSS

1. An ugly row for one who appears in court (9).
6. The south in a period of prosperity is a place full of passion (5).
9. What many people think that marmalade is (5).
10. The pain of fiery passion (9).
11. Teacher falls for holiday excursions (5, 5).
12. Filthy lucre (4).
14. They indicate jargon is back (7).
15. Britannia's place (7).
17. Made a reference (7).
19. Assembled to read perhaps with the light in the middle (7).
20. Magazine loud in untruth (4).
22. It is a hundred to one the fabulous creature is in; put a penny on and it is curbed (10).
25. Symmetrical figure ends in confusion (9).
26. Call up a woman is about to approve (5).
27. Suiting a Russian (5).
28. Northerner at first has his destiny spoilt (9).

DOWN

1. The fear of god (5).
2. Port or spirit one cannot drink (9).
3. One of the directions in which greater latitude must be allowed (10).
4. Stays in this very place? (7).
5. This is handy for a seal (7).
6. Blind players? (4).
7. A budding author? It sounds like it (5).
8. Town without scope for women? (9).
13. The proper status of an international authority is too strong (10).
14. Weapons useless to a boxer (5, 4).
16. Easy street for a king? (5, 4).
18. The doctor should produce fine weather (7).
19. After changing, he could have gone to a stag party (7).
21. A problem which cannot be overlooked? (5).
23. Without me the visionary is sad (5).
24. Faint boundary (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 67

M	I	N	O	R	C	A	■	H	A	C	K	N	E	Y
I	■	E	■	O	■	N	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	E
N	E	W	M	O	O	N	■	B	E	R	M	U	D	A
U	■	G	■	F	■	A	■	R	■	O	■	N	■	N
T	R	U	E	■	P	L	A	I	N	N	E	S	S	■
E	■	I	■	P	■	S	■	D	■	A	■	■	■	B
B	A	N	N	E	D	■	T	E	S	T	■	T	U	B
O	■	E	■	R	■	P	■	S	■	I	■	N	■	A
O	C	A	R	I	N	A	S	■	W	O	N	D	E	R
K	■	■	■	W	■	G	■	O	■	N	■	E	■	G
■	D	I	V	I	D	E	N	D	S	■	A	R	I	A
S	■	C	■	N	■	A	■	O	■	M	■	C	■	R
T	H	I	C	K	E	N	■	R	A	Y	M	O	N	D
U	■	N	■	L	■	T	■	I	■	R	■	A	■	E
D	A	G	G	E	R	S	■	C	H	A	S	T	E	N

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 67

Rev. A. S. Valle (Bristol, 5), E. G. Warren (London, N.W.3), D. N. Perry (Woodbridge).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. & c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £3 10s. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (PAD. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming bed-sit. room, suit bus. person/student, lady only. Refs. PRI. 1647 between 9-10 a.m. or 7-8 p.m.

PLEASANT bed-sitters with bkfast., evng. snack, Sunday lunch. 2 mins. Highgate Und. Prof. family. 47s. 6d.-3gns. Box 2012.

THE Lime Tree, 137 Ebury St., S.W.1. SLO. 8862. Rooms & breakfast. Nightly 15s. 6d. or special terms for long visit.

TWO pleasantly furn. rooms offd. professional woman in priv. flat. Use kit., bathrm., tel. Convenient situation. Box 2451.

COMF. sgle. or dble. bed-sitt. room. Use kit. Nr. Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

MAIDA Vale: attractive fur. bed-sit., suit bus. lady—all cons., tel. Box 2452.

FURN. key-flat to let, newly decorated, mod. furniture. Manor House, N.4. 3gns. wkly. Apply with refs. Box 2506.

FRONT double divan-room; concealed basin, cooking facilities, newly furnished. Minute W. Finchley Tube. HILLside 4861.

PLEASANT furn. room. Bus. lady/stud. Call 7-9 p.m., 24B Roland Gdns., S. Ken.

LONDON, N.W.8. Two furnished bed-sitting rooms, each with telephone, shared kitchenette and bathroom. Second floor of professional woman's house. Quiet tenants, two friends, or would be let separately. Rent reduced for one tenant in return for sitting-in for telephone, etc., when owner's housekeeper off duty. Rents £2 and, for sitter-in, 30s. Elec. light and heating. No linen. Box 2458.

PROFESSIONAL woman has 2 pleasant well-furnished rooms to let to another, in private flat overlkg. Primrose Hill; use kitchen and bathroom. 2½gns. weekly. PRI. 2643.

ONE serviced well-furnished single room, £2 15s., use kitchen, bath, gas. Milk 9rig., bed linen. Tel. MAI. 5267.

KILBURN. (Bakerloo Line.) Dble. & Sgle. bedsit. room with brkfst. All cons. h. & c. Well-kept Continental house. Close Tube, buses. 6 Chatsworth Rd. Phone WIL. 3318.

LARGE bedsit. room, own electric grill, fire. Share bath. Tel. Near bus, tube Clapham South. Pleasant outlook. Box 2364.

WOMAN graduate, 20's, offers similar fur. bed-sit. and kitchenette, use 'phone, bath. Barnes, near bus, trains. PRO. 7838.

LONDON, N.7. Furn. acc. Couple or two ladies. Cooking fac. North 2046.

NEWLY furn. 2-3-roomed Balcony flat. Every convenience, h. & c. Superior house. Opp. W. Finchley Tube. HILLside 4861.

N.W.2. Sunny spacious furn. sgle. bed-sit. rm. 2gns. All convens. WIL. 1644.

SELF-contained furnished flat. Excellent position, Stamford Hill. Well decorated and furnished. 2 bedrooms, reception room, large kitchen, bathroom, W.C. Rent £6 6s. per week. One year's letting preferred. John Stamford & Co., 151 Clapton Common, E.5. STA. 0066. 7, 8.

SOUTHGATE, comf. bed-sit. room, 35s. incl. all cons. Nr. tube/bus. Box 2373.

SUNNY, comf. divan-bed-sit., breakfast, 2gns. Supper optional. Modern, quiet house, 25 mins. West End. GLA. 7297.

A LARGE divan bedroom, tel., bath, cooking facilities. 2½gns. CUN. 6959.

HAMPSTEAD. Accom. full board for studs. from £3 5s. wkly. Box 2365.

TWO large bed-sit. rooms in professional (musical) house, with fully equipped kitchenette; linen, bathroom, etc., suit 2/3 gentlemen or right couple. 5gns. or 2½gns. sep. 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting rooms with linen, service and gas rings, to let to permanent tenants in spotlessly clean establishment near Notting Hill Gate (off Kensington Park Rd.). Singles from £2 10s., doubles £4 10s. p.w. Bkfst. if reqd. PARk 8584.

UNSTUFFY tenants wanted for cheerful furn. 3-room, newly decorated flat, Wandsworth. Own cooker, lav., share bathroom, £3 3s. p.w. Write Box 2304.

IN newly decorated house, nicely furnished bed-sit. rm., book shelves, concealed basin, serv.—quiet road betwn. Swiss Cottage & Abbey Rd. £3. MAI. 2962 or 2496.

SUNNY furn. bed-sitting room. Mod. block. Marble Arch. Central heating; c.h.w. 55s. per week. Box 2245.

MAISONETTE and 2 flats each self-contained to let furn. or partly furn. in country house Wye Valley 14 miles Gloucester. Large library available writer or book-lover. C.P.C., 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. CUN. 3035.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

ST. John's Wood, room 14ft. by 11ft. to let as Studio. 2gns. weekly. MAI. 9929.

TO let furnished mid-Oct. till June. Attractive newly decorated and modernised 17th century farmhouse near Petersfield, Hants. One hour five minutes Waterloo. 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 recep. Esse and electric cookers. Bendix. Daily domestic help avail. Lovely garden and views. Mrs. Burrows, Steep Farm, Petersfield, Hants, or Eggar & Co., Castle St., Farnham, Surrey.

CAERN. S.C. flat overlooking sea. Elec. power. Furn. 1.ge grounds. Home farm. Smaller flat for 2. Bartholomew, Pontlyfni.

SELSEY, Sussex. Tiny white weather-boarded cottage on edge of sea, available till end March. Exposed position but warm and comfortably furnished. 3 bedrooms, living-room, bathroom, kitchen, sun porch. All mains. 2½gns. weekly, for whole period. Verney, Runwick House, Farnham, Surrey.

YNG. medical researcher needs lively, arty, intel. rms. London Oct. on. Box 2232.

ST. John's Wood area. Doctor, wife & baby, require s.c. unfurnished flat with use of garden. Box 2235.

PROFESSIONAL man, 36, in sound position, seeks share in flat with one or two others. Hampstead/Highgate pref. Box 2049.

FEMALE graduate, at Secretarial College, reqs. board and accom., reach Central London, in return for housework, help with children, secretarial, etc. Box 2429.

WANTED, unfurn./furn. West End flat, s.c., c.h., c.h.w., suitable for Osteopathic practice—not too expensive. Box 1950.

MARRIED couple want room Central London two nights mid-weekly. Box 2262.

STUDIO with living accommodation for potter in London wanted. Box 2288.

LECTURER wishing write book, wife and well-behaved small daughter, seek cottage within 50 miles London, with telephone, near country town. Winter or longer. 2-3gns. p.w. or would offer farm or gardening services part payment. Box 2485.

AUSTRALIAN doctor requires furnished country cottage, lease twelve months commencing November. Reasonable terms. 3-4 bedrooms. 30 miles London. Reasonably near transport. Good references. Box 2236.

NORFOLK: Wanted in Swaffham, Fouldon, Mundford or Watton areas, accom. as pg. guest, by professional man. Box 2415.

BOX 2000. Would lady in France with flat in Finchley please write again to Univ. lecturers (advertisement 19.9.53.).

SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-13. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WINDRUSH School, 55 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3 has a few vacancies—Children 5-11 years, for present term. Apply Secretary, PRI. 3039.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. REGent 2803. Fndd. 1901.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE

FREEHOLD. E. Finchley. Old style double-fronted S.D. house suitable 2 small families. 2 kits., 2 w.c.s. Large garden. Garage. TUDor 1498 between 8 & 9 a.m.

EXCH. Bournemouth. Mod. 5 B. residence, in woodland setting, orchard, for London house. Box 2141.

SECLUDED in delightful wooded valley of Devon, just outside Torrington. Freehold thatched colour-washed cottage. 2½ acres with Trout stream. 3 double bedrooms, lounge, dining-room. Ingle nook. Kitchen. Ideal heater, garage, outbuildings. Plentiful supply spring water. Calor gas. £2,500. Suitable and attractive furniture optional £500. Ernest Dunn, F.V.I., 40 Holyhead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham. Nor. 0892.

IMPORTANT premises with garden, fully equipped as residential club, with extensive clientèle; enormous possibilities in right hands. Box 2439.

Assembling the component parts of a Mullard Thyratron.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

THE utilisation factor of an electrically powered machine is often dependent upon the flexibility of its motor. Until quite recently all motors were controlled by conventional electro-mechanical equipment. To-day, however, an increasing number are controlled by an electronic valve known as a thyratron.

The thyratron is a device which can convert alternating current to direct current and, at the same time, can regulate the amount of current—and thus the amount of power—released to the motor.

The great advantage of the thyratron is its extreme flexibility which permits infinitely variable control of motor speed and direction. It thus enables full advantage to be taken of recent developments in the field of automatic control with all its attendant economies in overheads and manpower.

Mullard produce a wide range of thyratrons for a great variety of applications. In addition to motor control, Mullard thyratrons are today leading to increased efficiencies in lighting and heating systems, in servo-mechanisms, in resistance welders, relays and regulated voltage devices.

Mullard

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(MP418)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College—Canberra, Australia. Applications are invited for appointment to the following posts: Senior Lectureship in Japanese £A1,050-£A1,300 p.a. Senior Lectureship in Russian £A1,050-£A1,300 p.a. The above salaries are nominal and are subject to a cost of living adjustment (at present an additional £A198 p.a.) and annual increments of £A40 within the range. Further particulars, conditions of appointment and the summary form which must accompany applications, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or from the undersigned. Applications close October 30, 1953. T. M. Owen, Registrar, Canberra University College, Canberra, A.C.T.

NEW Zealand Broadcasting Service. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Conductor of the National Orchestra of the New Zealand Broadcasting Service. The appointment will be for a period of two years from the date of commencement of duties. The salary will be N.Z. £1,900 per annum, subject to Income Tax and New Zealand Social Security charge. Applications in duplicate with full details of career, etc., to be lodged by November 30, 1953, with The High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415, Strand, London, W.C.2, who will supply bona fide enquirers with full information respecting the position.

EDUCATION Inspectorate. Inspector of Special Education (Man) required to advise upon, organise and inspect education in normal and special schools, but mainly in day and boarding schools for handicapped children. Candidates should have good teaching experience and possess a good degree. Preference will be given to those interested in educational psychology and in the problems of children in need of special educational treatment. Salary £1,200—£1,550; appointment may be made above minimum. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/N), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by October 21.

THE International Labour Office, Geneva, invites applications for posts of translator. Qualifications required: 1, Mother tongue: English. 2, Age: between 23 and 35 years. 3, University education or equivalent experience. 4, Extensive knowledge of French and Spanish. For further particulars and application forms apply, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to the International Labour Office, 38-39 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt in this Office of completed application forms is November 14, 1953.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in History. Candidates should have special interest in Modern European History. Salary on a scale £500-£1,100 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than October 31, 1953, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BBC requires Senior Assistant, Light Music Programmes (Sound) to act as chief assistant and advisor to Head of Light Music Programmes (Sound) on production matters, to formulate ideas for, devise and build light music productions and to produce in the Studio programmes of musical entertainment (e.g., with Concert Orchestra and Singers). Wide knowledge of light music and professional training essential. Salary £1,000 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,330 maximum. For exceptional qualifications appointment might be made on a higher grade with starting salary up to £1,255 and maximum up to £1,638. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "123 N. Stm," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BBC requires Features Producer in Birmingham. Duties include production of feature programme reflecting contemporary life in general and the interests, background and history of the Midlands in particular. Essential qualifications: keen interest in problems of radio writing and production, knowledge of current events and contemporary people. Experience of journalistic and dramatic writing would be valuable and knowledge of science, industry and history an asset. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,330 maximum p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "125 N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District, require Organiser to develop Adult Education work with Trade Unions and other working class bodies. Experience in Adult Education and knowledge of Trade Union movement desirable. Salary £450 × £25 - £600. Application forms from S. Church, 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will generally be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1953 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £681—£838 (men); £586—£707 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £274—£607 (men); £274—£511 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men); £467 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

BBC requires Talks Producer in Glasgow (University degree preferred) for production of talks, discussions and talks features. Requirements include wide general knowledge (with particular knowledge of Scotland, Scottish literature and political and local affairs), appreciation of style in spoken word, ability to select speakers, scripts and readers and to edit written matter for broadcasting, imagination and ability to get on with people of all kinds. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher for exceptional qualifications) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,330 maximum. A candidate without all the qualifications might be appointed initially at £795 with prospect of promotion when fully qualified. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "122, N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service invites applications from men with a good honours or higher degree in psychology or equivalent qualification for two unestablished posts at a new Industrial Rehabilitation Unit at Waddon, near Croydon, Surrey. (a) G.315/53A Senior Vocational Officer, salary £890-£1,186 inclusive and (b) G.82/53A Vocational Officer, salary £665-£848 inclusive. Duties involve, for post (a), advising on occupational psychological matters in Industrial Rehabilitation Units and assisting in research work; for post (b) assessing capabilities and potentialities of rehabilitees and advising on their suitable employment. Application forms quoting appropriate Ref. No. obtainable from M.L.N.S., Technical & Scientific Register ("K" Soc.), 26 King Street, London, S.W.1. Closing date October 24, 1953.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. The Health Committee invite applications for the post of Social Worker in the Psychiatric Social Service. Applicants must be in possession of a Social Science Degree or Diploma and with experience with adult case work. Preference will be given to those who hold in addition a Mental Health Certificate. Salary, A.P.T. III (£525 × £15—£570 per annum). The appointment is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. The appointment will be terminable by one month's notice on either side. Applications stating qualifications, age and experience, to be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Birmingham, 3, not later than October 24.

WHY Not be a Tuberculosis Nurse? Do you know that you can become a fully trained Tuberculosis Nurse in two years and be paid during training an allowance of £230-£240 a year, plus dependant's allowance, and a special allowance of £60 on completion of two years' training? Full Tuberculosis Staff Nurse's salary (£347 10s.-£447 10s. a year) payable from date of passing final examination. Modern nurses' home with separate bedrooms and good recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to the Matron, The Bow Arrow Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

MARKET Research: Interviewers required for part-time work in all areas. Write with full details of experience: Box 2444.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THOMAS Coram House, Ashlyns School, Berkhamsted. A vacancy has arisen (due to marriage) for a Housemistress (C. of E.) to take charge of a group of approximately 15 girls aged 11-15 in this boarding school in January, 1954. Salary £300 per annum (plus cost of living allowance at present £20 per annum) plus board and lodging during term time. Duties include out of school supervision, recreation, hobbies and individual welfare. Usual School holidays. Good accommodation, close to buses, shops, etc. Social Science or Youth Service qualifications desirable. Apply in writing within 7 days giving full particulars, age, experience, last employment, with copies of reference to: The Warden, Thomas Coram House, Ashlyns School, Berkhamsted, Herts.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Cambridge. Children Committee. Reception & Short Stay Home. Applications are invited for the post of Matron at Midfield, Oakington, Cambs. a new Reception and Short Stay Home with accommodation for twenty-seven children. Salary scale: £279 × £15—£324 with emoluments valued at £201. Applications giving particulars of age, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two people to whom reference may be made, should be sent, not later than October 20, to the Children's Officer, Primrose Croft, Primrose Street, Cambridge. Charles Phythian, Clerk of the County Council, Shire Hall, Castle Hill, Cambridge.

THE Birmingham Family Service Unit wants to appoint a man (resident or non-resident) experienced in Social work, including case-work, to take general oversight of the work of the Unit; to be responsible for office admin. and for public relations. Salary depending on age and experience. Apply for further details to the Hon. Secretary, 398 New John Street West, Birmingham, 19.

CITY of Manchester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the following posts at "Summerhill," 60 Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester. This is a new Hostel which will be opened shortly and will provide accommodation for 27 working boys between the ages of 15 to 20 years. Resident Warden and Matron (Joint appointment). Salary: Warden £324 × £15 to £369 per annum plus special responsibility allowance of £50 per annum. Matron, £294 × £15 to £339 per annum. Both plus emoluments valued at £201 per annum. Experience in the organisation and administration of a residential establishment is essential. Experience of caring for adolescent boys is highly desirable. Resident Deputy Warden (Male). Salary: £259 × £15 to £304 per annum with emoluments valued at £171 per annum. Preference will be given to applicants who have had residential experience with adolescent boys. The above posts will be subject to the National Joint Council's conditions of service. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the Children's Officer, Town Hall, Manchester, 2, quoting reference 3527. Completed forms should be returned not later than October 14, 1953.

THE British Federation of Young Co-operators invite applications for the post of National Organising Secretary, commencing salary £468 per annum. Application forms, obtainable from Parkfield, South Ealing Rd., London, W.5, to be returned no later than October 22.

PUBLISHING. Old-established firm with world-wide connections has vacancy for Assistant Editor (man or woman) willing to reside in Scotland. Previous experience desirable; teaching qualifications an asset. Age 25-35. Candidates must have good honours degree in English, History or Classics. Salary, etc., according to experience. Apply Box 2446.

COMPETENT Secretary required by professional organisation in West End to act as deputy to its Administrative Secretary. Duties will include Book-keeping to Trial Balance. Five-day week. Commencing salary £8 10s a week. Apply Box 2390.

CAPABLE sec.-sh.-typ. for expanding private organisation concerned with educational travel. Good French and ability to work on own initiative essent. Salary accord. to qualif. Dets. of age, qualif., exp., Box 2345.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires typist-clerk, age 18-21. Good typing speed essential. Phone for appointment: General Secretary, EUS. 2184.

SHORTHAND-typists. Copy typists. Attractive full-time temporary work (hrs. 10-5), or part-time by hour, day wk. High rates of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5392-6412.

BRITISH Quakers running school in Northern Greece require someone to help with their two sons aged 4½ and 1½ until June, 1954. Simple living conditions, return fare and pocket money. Box 2455.

PROFESSIONAL organisation reqs. competent shorthand-typist to act as personal secretary to one of its senior officers. Salary accdg. to exp. Apply immed.: Inst. of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, W.1.

POLITICIAN (Socialist) and journalist requires educated housekeeper-assistant to run house London with morning help. Typing experience advantage. Please state full particulars and salary reqd. Box 2228.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

G. D. H. COLE needs part-time secretary with social studies qualification to attend Hendon Mondays and Tuesday mornings and take typing home. Shorthand essential. Letters, Books, Articles, Filing. Salary £4 weekly. Write giving particulars 74 Holders Hill Rd., Hendon, N.W.4.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MALE Secretary in good position seeks more responsibility and scope. Experience in social service, industry and commerce. Fast shorthand-typist; knowledge of languages; driving. Box 2223.

OXFORD M.A. (Hons. Physics), 27, experience research, administration, teaching, with wide cultural interests, seeks interesting post. London area. Box 2329.

BOOK-KEEPER/Typist, used to Export Invoices, fluent German, middle-aged, holding present position for many years, seeks change. Box 2318.

EXPERIENCED Assistant, 28, male, research, art, craft, literary and technical, seeks position with scope and interest. Drive car, speak French and German if necessary. References. Box 2351.

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RENOIR. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open until Oct. 25. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8, Sunday 2-6. Admission 1s.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square. German Expressionists. Daily 11-6, including Saturdays.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W.1. Exhibition of Gothic and Early Renaissance Paintings. 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Michael Ayrton; Bryan Wynter; Gouaches by Graham Sutherland and Aquatints by Michael Rothenstein. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 31.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

"ENTERTAINING at Home" in Party mood. House & Garden keeps open house at its Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Rooms arranged as settings for entertaining, with furnishings and equipment you can buy in the shops. Open from Sept. 1: weekdays 10-5, Sats. 10-12. Free.

TATE Gallery. Paintings by Matthew Smith. A Retrospective Exhibition. Open until October 18. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tuesdays and Thursdays 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Parallel of Life and Art Indications of a new visual order. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Ending Oct. 17.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent work by George Fairley.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté Roses & New Picasso Lithographs, 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. John Martin 1789-1854 Paintings and Drawings. Daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6. Closed Mon. Adm. free.

MODERN Swiss Prints and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Until Oct. 17. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

GEORGE Hooper. Exhibition of Watercolours and Drawings at The Trafford Gallery, 119 Mount Street, W.1. Oct. 7-31.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Drawings by Constantin Guys, Pissarro, Pascin. 10-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Drawings by Blond. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until October 17.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Exhibition of Etchings, Engravings and Drawings. Until Oct. 31.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Zyw. Portraits and Italy by Peter Todd Mitchell. Until November 6

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Sickert, Paintings, Drawings, & Sculpture by Halina Korn. (Last wk.)

EXHIBITION of Architectural Photography, R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till Oct. 29 (closed Oct. 13). Mondays-Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Admission Free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BASIL L. Q. Henriques & Canon Hugh C. Warner will speak on The Problem of Family Life, with the Dean of St. Paul's in the Chair, on Tuesday, Oct. 13 at 8 p.m. at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St., Oxford St. (opposite Selfridges). Under the auspices of the London Society of Jews and Christians. All are welcome.

END Conscription. Trafalgar Sq. Demonstration, Sat., Oct. 17, 3 p.m. Fenner Brockway, M.P., Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, L. J. Cuming (No Conscription Council), Michael Randle. Chair.: Hugh Brock. Organised by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

MRS. SEN (Shrimati Maitraye Devi) on "Tagore." Sat., Oct. 10, 5.30 p.m. Mrs. Seneratne on "The Art-crafts of the Sinhalese," Fri., Oct. 16 at 8.15 p.m. All welc. No collection. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 13: R. Clements, "The Problem of Germany." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Oct. 16: Mrs. V. Fleming, "Basic Moral Development."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 11: S. K. Ratcliffe, "What They Believe." Questions after lect. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 17 at 6 p.m. Monsieur A. Gheerbrant (Alliance Française): "L'expédition Orénoque—Amazone."

YOGA of Self-Knowledge. One-Day Course, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Sat., Oct. 10. Talks on Yoga, Meditation, Mind and the Self: at 1, 2.30, 4, 5.30. Hari Prasad Shastri at 8 on "The Enlightened Mind"; Professor H. H. Price in Chair. Adm. free. Arranged by Shanti Sadan, 24 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

"THE Unashamed Accompanist." A lecture will be given by Gerald Moore, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 12, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m., in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission free. Oct. 15: "Greek Painting," Professor C. M. Robertson. Oct. 20: "The Physiology of Diving," Professor J. B. S. Haldane. Oct. 22: "Careless Talk: Some Features of Everyday Speech," Dr. Randolph Quirk. Oct. 27: "Life on Other Worlds," Mr. R. H. Garstang. Oct. 29: "Parties and General Elections in the Later Eighteenth Century," Mr. I. R. Christie. Nov. 3: "Urban Road Traffic Control," Mr. C. F. Andrew. Nov. 5: "Crystallography, Ancient and Modern," Professor Kathleen Lonsdale. Nov. 10: "Western Enterprise in Far Eastern Economic Development," Professor G. C. Allen. Nov. 12: "Fatalism," Mr. P. Long. Nov. 17: "Shakespeare Among the Victorians," Dr. T. J. B. Spencer. Nov. 19: "Excavations at Sakkara (Egypt) in 1953," Professor W. B. Emery. Nov. 24: "Marble Hill House, Twickenham: An English Palladian Villa," Mr. W. A. Eden. Nov. 26: "The Anatomist and the Brain," Mr. D. A. Sholl. Dec. 1: "The Perfect Synthesis: Manon Lescaut," Dr. W. Tancock. Dec. 3: "Principles of Biblical Translation," Dr. W. Schwarz. Dec. 8: "Telecommunications: The Achievements of the Past and the Hopes for the Future," Professor H. E. M. Barlow. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped env. reqd.)

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Sir Robert Boothby, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon Walker, M.P., will speak on "Germany and the Future of Europe." Thursday, October 22, 7.45 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 5s. 6d. Ring Mayfair 4245 for reservations.

ALL Nations Social Club. "What Colonials in Britain Want" by Norman Dodds, M.P. Mon. Oct. 12, 8 p.m. at Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (Off Oxford St., opp. Selfridges). Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

WAR, Poverty and Unemployment—The Socialist Answer. Public Meeting at Greenford Library, Oldfield Lane, Greenford, on Thurs., October 15, 7.30. Socialist Party of Gt. Britain Speaker. All welc. Adm. Free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tuesday, October 13, 8.15. Lecture. "The Perfect Critic," by H. A. Mason. Wed. October 14, 8.15. Lecture. "Unknown Arts of the Orinoco Indians," by Alain Gheerbrant, explorer.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery 12, Holland Park Rd., Kensington. October 16, at 8 p.m. "The Nature of Spanish Baroque," by Amalia Elguera. Admission Free.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue on "A Policy for Serious Broadcasting": J. B. Coates and George Frankl. Conway Hall, Wed., Oct. 14 at 7.30 p.m.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain Inaugural Lecture: "Alfred Adler's Contribution to Medicine," Dr. James Moore. Fri., Oct. 16, at 7.30 p.m. punctually, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-mems. 2s.

HALF-Term Recreative Course, Oct. 26-30 & Hallowe'en Square Dancing Week-end at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

CO-OPERATION Overseas—Dr. N. Barou, Ph.D (Econ.): "Co-operation in the U.S.S.R." Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, October 13, 7.30 p.m. Free. London Co-op. Societies' Joint Educ. Cttee.

"HUSBAND as Partner." Any Questions. Married Women's Assocn. on Fri., Oct. 16, 7.30, at Caxton Hall. Rt. Hon. Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., Mrs. Mary Stocks, Dr. Stella Churchill, Mr. Ambrose Appelbe, Mr. Cyril Bibby, Mr. Vincent Long. Tkts. 2s. at door or from 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

MARRIAGE Law and National Health. Building a new society along democratic lines, being the argument for Plural Marriage for both sexes after 7 years wed. Edward A. Wilson, M.D., Non-Register. Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Place, W.2., Mon., Oct. 19, 7.30. (Also on Dec. 7.) Collection. Bayswater (Circle), Queensway (Central). Single advert.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Faith, Hope and Progress." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, Oct. 11 at 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture, Wed., October 14, 6.30 "Peace." Mr. O'C. Walsh. Read "The Middle Way," Journal of the Buddhist Socy.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall (nr. Holborn) on Thursday, October 15 at 7.30: "Taittiriya Upanishad." All welcome.

SCHOPENHAUER Society. Caxton Hall, Thurs., Oct. 15, 7.30, "Consciousness and Intellect." A discussion free to all.

McCARTHYISM and America—Scott Nearing, prominent American author, lecturer. Caxton Hall (Court Room), Caxton St., S.W.1. Tuesday, Oct. 20, 7.30. Discussion. Auspices Monthly Review Associates. Nearest Underground St. James's Park.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., gives first of Manchester Fabian lectures Saturday, October 17, 3 p.m., Onward Hall, Deansgate, Manchester. Tickets 1s. 6d. from: Jack Goldberg, 1, Lullington Road, Salford, 6, or at door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Oct. 14, 7.30. Discussion Meeting, "Municipal Trading and Nationalisation," opened by Cllr. Aubrey Diamond, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Fridays at 8 p.m. 9th: "Why Conservatism?" by Councillor David Allnutt, A.N.E.A. 16th: "Are We Defending the Free World?" by Derek Kirton. Visitors Inc.

POLITICAL Prisoners in Franco Spain: Hear Maurice Orbach, M.P., report on Eight Day Mission to Madrid on behalf of Ramon Porqueras, Lopez Raimundo & others, 7.30 p.m., Thurs., Oct. 15, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Adm. 6d. International Brigade Assocn. and Aid to Spanish Youth Committee.

WORLD Jewish Congress—a force in Jewish Life? Report on Geneva Congress by I. Nathani, Mapam, 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. 8 p.m. Wed., Oct. 14.

"SOVIET Arts Today." John Berger Chair: Peter de Francia. Tues., Oct. 13, 7.30 p.m.: SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & SCR 1s.).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

DEMOCRACY in our Working Lives. Conference End-sleigh Hotel, Oct. 16-18. Programme includes film "Chance of a Lifetime" (Sat.) and International Brains Trust (Sun.). Details: Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

JAMES Griffiths, M.P., Lord Listowel, Hilary Marquand, M.P., and Ritchie White, M.P., speak on colonial and Commonwealth affairs at weekend school October 23-25 at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey. Particulars from Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

BRITISH Monarchs. 8 public lectures Tuesdays at 6.30 beginning Oct. 13. Lecturers: Prof. S. T. Bindoff (Henry VIII), Prof. J. E. Neale (Elizabeth I), David Ogg (William III), Denis Richards (Charles II), Mrs. Hester Chapman (Mary II), Miss C. V. Wedgwood (Charles I), Sir Harold Nicolson (George V), Prof. A. Aspinall (George IV). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Single lectures 1s. 6d. Tickets and details from Secretary, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1 (Waterloo 6872).

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "The Problem of Sociological Determinism" will be delivered by Professor G. Gurvitch (Paris) at 5 p.m. on October 15, 16 and 19, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

"ÆSTHETIC Problems of Contemporary Art": Series of 9 Seminars organised by Institute of Contemporary Arts. Chairman: Robert Melville. No. 1, Oct. 15, 8.15 p.m. "The Impact of Technology," by Rex Ner Banham. Details of Series: The Registrar, I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Course: Nov. 20-22: "Flemish Painters"; their contribution to the history of Art, related to the forthcoming Exhibition at the Academy. Full details of this and other courses from Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

MORLEY College. New students specially welcomed to the following classes: Men and Books (Ormerod Greenwood); Economic Framework of Our Society (Dr. D. B. Halpern); Italian Life and Literature (Dr. A. F. Magri); Theatre School (Dir.: Rupert Doone). Fees from 12s. 6d. p.a. 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. WAT. 6877.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London W.C.1